

March 07

THE ELECTRICAL WORKER

1

HEADLIGHT UNION MADE OVERALLS

"I DONT WONDER THAT SO
MANY RAILROAD MEN ENDORSE
HEADLIGHT OVERALLS

THEY CERTAINLY ARE
ON TOP."

H McVey

B.O.F. L.E.

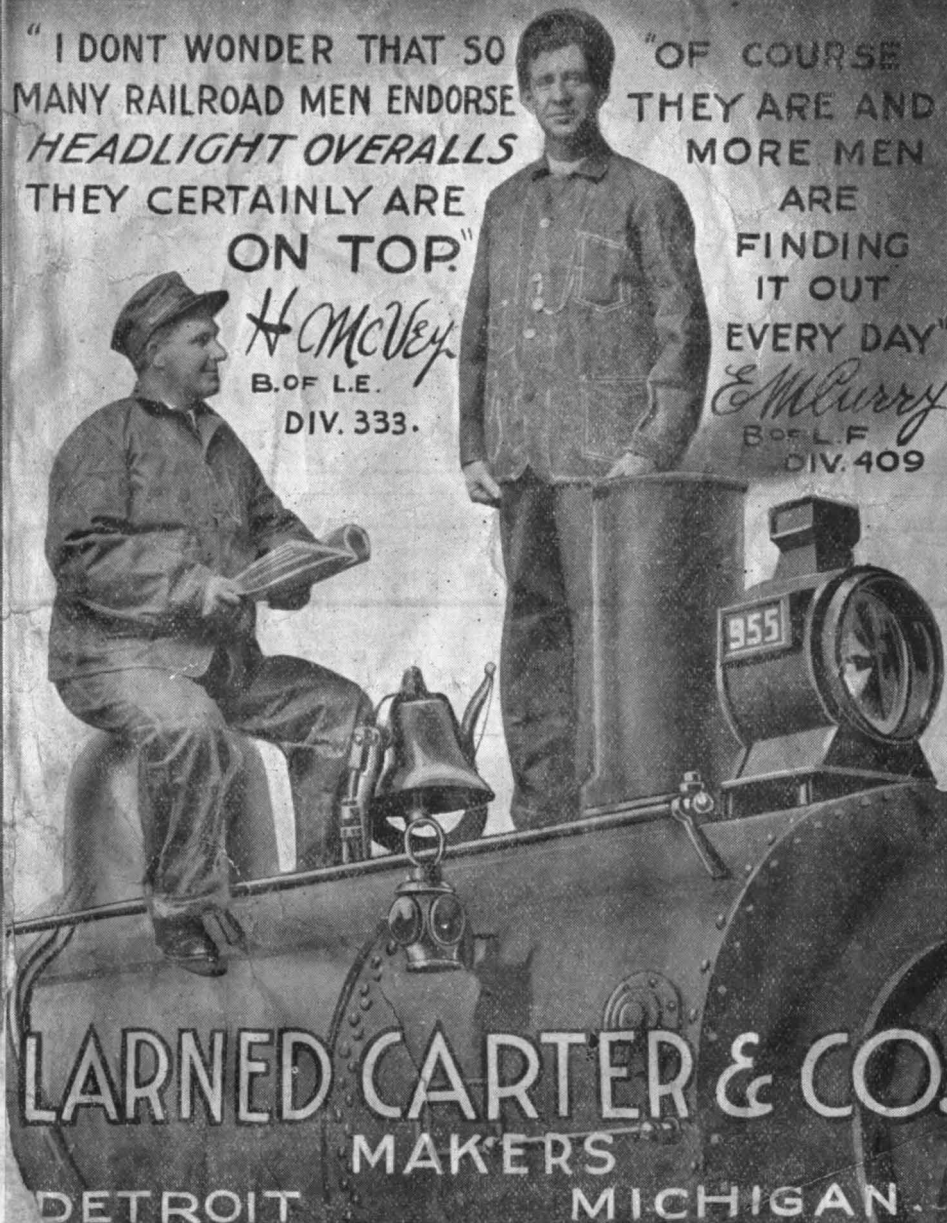
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"OF COURSE
THEY ARE AND
MORE MEN

ARE
FINDING
IT OUT

EVERY DAY"

E. Murray
B.O.F. L.E.
DIV. 409



LARNED CARTER & CO.

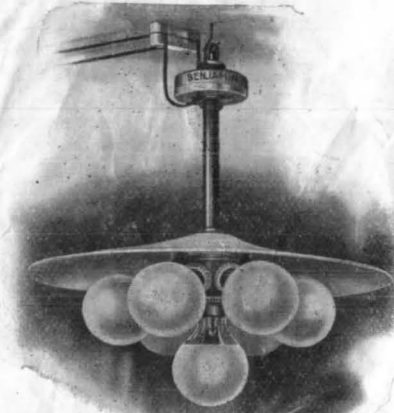
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There are tools on the market stamped "Klein's Pattern," and a number of climbers have been sent to us in a defective condition which we have been asked to replace. Evidently the owners were under the impression that they were made by us.

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ROLLED GOLD, (PER PAIR), \$1.50

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 Grand Secretary

Pierik Building

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THE ELECTRICAL



WORKER

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

of the

International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

Edited by PETER W. COLLINS, Grand Secretary

General Offices: Picrik Building

Springfield, Ill.

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THE ELECTRICAL WORKER

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BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

Entered at the Post Office at Springfield, Ill., According to Act of Congress as Second-Class Matter

Vol. VII. No. 4

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., MARCH, 1907

Single Copies, 10 Cents
\$1 per year in advance

DISTRICT COUNCIL NO. 2.

JOHN J. McLAUGHLIN, PRESIDENT.

The next meeting of the New England District Council will be called Sunday, March 10th, 1907, Eagle Hall, 57 Center street, at Brocton, Mass., and a large and representative meeting of delegates is expected to be in attendance.

The past year has been one of progress in the entire district, and the local unions have been greatly assisted through the efforts of the District Council. The increase in membership has been large, over one thousand new members being added to the rolls of the various local unions, and the future prospects are splendid. The officers of the Council on several occasions were enjoined by the courts, but in each case were successful in having same terminate in their favor and injunctions dissolved.

New England has never had any opposition to the Bell Company, or rather the subsidiary branch of the parent company, the N. E. T. & T. At the present time, however, a concerted effort is being made by the independent interests to secure franchises in Massachusetts. They have been successful in securing a franchise in the city of Boston, and their advent will certainly be a means of adding to the growing strength of the I. B. E. W.

Industry in all its branches is receiving an impetus and labor is certainly entitled to its share.

The Civic Federation of New England has been a factor of great strength in bringing capital to a realization of the rights of labor and a better feeling has existed all around since its advent.

Discussions of great moment are held under its auspices and its meetings are well attended by representatives of labor and capital.

Recently the question of Savings Bank Insurance (see February Worker) was very ably discussed by men thoroughly versed in this subject.

The future indeed looks bright and each individual member should be a worker to the end that our future gains will be greater than the past.

Local unions in the district should not fail to send delegates, as matters of importance will come up at this meeting.

This agreement, made this 22d day of December, 1906, by and between John J. McLaughlin of Boston, Mass., president of a voluntary association known as the New England District Council of Electrical Workers, and Martin T. Joyce of said Boston, Secretary of said Council, and their successors in office, parties of the first part, and the Metropolitan Home Telephone Company, a corporation, party of the second part.

Witnesseth, that the parties of the first part, in consideration of the agreement herein made by the party of the second part and in consideration of one dollar and other valuable consideration agrees:

To furnish to the party of the second part all labor, for such work as is done by Electrical Workers as set forth in the Constitution of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at the average union price current at the time the labor is being performed in the cities of Boston, Mass.; Cleveland, Ohio; Buffalo, New York, and Chicago, Illinois, in the construction, assembling, installation, maintenance and operation of all electrical appliances that are necessary to the completion and operation of the telephone service to be installed in the city of Boston and vicinity under the authority granted said party of the second part by said city of Boston.

And in consideration of one dollar and other value, received by the party of the second part, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, the party of the second part does hereby covenant and agree with the parties of the first part, that it will accept from the parties of the first part all such labor, for such work as is done by Electrical Workers as set forth in the Constitution of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at the average union price current at the time the labor is being performed in said four cities above named, in the construction, assembling, installation, maintenance and operation of all electrical appliances that are necessary to the completion and operation of the telephone service to be installed in the city of Boston and vicinity under the authority granted said party

of the second part by the city of Boston,

In witness whereof the said John J. McLaughlin, and said Martin T. Joyce, set their hands and seals, and the said Metropolitan Home Telephone Company, by its President, Warren N. Akers, thereto duly authorized, hereto subscribe the name of the corporation, and affixes its seal on the day and year first above written.

METROPOLITAN HOME TELEPHONE COMPANY,

by WARREN N. AKERS,

President.

JOHN J. McLAUGHLIN, Prest., D. C.
MARTIN T. JOYCE, Sec., D. C.

COPY OF VOTE.

At a meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan Home Telephone Company, held this 24th day of December, 1906, at the Tremont Building, Boston, Mass., all the directors being present, upon motion duly made and seconded, and by the unanimous vote of all the directors, it was voted to authorize the President, Warren N. Akers, to sign, seal and deliver the above contract.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

CICERO.

AN opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will secure his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receives not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through lack of a criminal, nor of a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty.

Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the questorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his pretorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right.

His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant pretor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous

death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offense? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured.

In vain did he exclaim, "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Uretius, who is not at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips,—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection,—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred,—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power from the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen?

Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the commonwealth!

ORATION OF PATRICK HENRY.

WIRT.

THE voice of Patrick Henry was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, full of volume, and rather melodious. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fullness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half-whisper of horror to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage.

In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as a zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself, and to modulate its notes most happily to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded or fell short of the occasion. There was never none of that long-continued and deafening vociferation which takes place when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself; no monotonous clangor, no discordant shriek.

Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest to him; hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fullness of intonation, all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and the enchanting variety of its cadence.

His delivery was perfectly natural. In point of time he was very happy; there was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equi-distant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences as he went along, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator.

On the contrary, self-collected, deliberate and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery, and hence his delivery was smooth and firm and well accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought

its full and appropriate force, and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry the true sense and power of the pause; and no one ever practiced it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a finesse to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "Why the pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

His gesture, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so expressive that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet these were all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it would have become no other man. It had none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping or sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness which was much more powerfully, as well as elegantly, conveyed by his eye and his countenance.

Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inappropriate or unmeaning; every gesture, every attitude, every look was emphatic; all was animation, energy and dignity. The great advantage of his personal expression consisted in this: that various, bold and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or "to overstep," in the smallest degree, "the modesty of nature;" for he never made a gesture or assumed an attitude which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start, was completely answered and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed indeed to form a part of the thought itself.

His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and to solid, and

his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming.

He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, all the violence and tumult of his emotions, all the dauntless

spirit of his resolution, and all the dignity of his soul, with any sacrifice of his own personal dignity, and without treating his hearers otherwise than as rational beings. He was not the orator of a day, and therefore sought not to build his fame on the sandy basis of a false taste. He spoke for immortality, and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation,—the rock of nature.

CARDINAL GIBBONS FAVORS UNION LABEL.

Cardinal Gibbons, the highest dignitary in the Catholic Church in this country, urges the purchasing of union-labeled goods as the best and most practical method of abolishing sweatshops. In a sermon to his congregation recently in Baltimore he urged them to discriminate in making purchases in favor of such employers as treated their employes with justice. He said:

"There is a class of persons in this city and in other large cities who are employed by proprietors of large clothing establishments. Some of these workers are employed in the stores; others make garments in their homes and bring them to the establishments. Many of these workers, men and women, are compelled to toil in sweatshops, of which there

are eighteen in one section of this city, which are contracted in space and poorly lighted and ventilated. They are overworked and underpaid. After a careful investigation, I have discovered that after laboring for six days at ten or twelve hours a day their weekly compensation amounts to \$6 or \$8. With this pittance they have to pay house rent, food and clothing and other expenses incident to family life. You can encourage and co-operate with that excellent society, existing here and elsewhere, called the Consumers' League. It is composed of women zealous in works of charity, and has already accomplished a great deal in improving the condition of these oppressed toilers and of establishing happier and more just relations between them and their employers."

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his
act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment
Of ev'ry new-hatched, unfledged comrade.
Beware
Of entrance into quarrel! but, bein in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of
thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not
gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.
This, above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not, then, be false to any man.
—Shakespeare

THE CHICAGO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT.

Brooke Casino, Wabash Avenue & Peck Court, March 11-17, 1907.

GIVEN BY

The Illinois Woman's Trade Union League.

The Chicago Branch of the Consumers' League.

The Chicago Tuberculosis Institute.

The Chicago Woman's Club.

The Chicago Geographic Society.

The University of Chicago Settlement.

The Northwestern University Settlement.

Chicago Commons.

Neighborhood House.

Hull-House.

The Municipal Museum of Chicago.

An industrial exhibit showing good and bad conditions under which men and women work in this country, with special attention to the conditions under which they work in Chicago and Illinois, will be presented at Brooke Casino, March 11 to 17, inclusive, by a group of Chicago organizations interested in promoting the industrial welfare of the community. The local exhibition will be supplemented by material from the Exhibit of Industrial Conditions, held in Philadelphia in December, 1906, and from the Exposition of Safety Devices and Industrial Hygiene given by the American Institute of Social Service in New York in January, 1907.

The exhibition will include exhibits illustrating the industrial geography of Chicago, sweated industries, women in industry, safety appliances and occupational diseases, remedial measures in factories and stores. The representations will be made by the use of photographs, charts, models, power machinery, stereopticon slides, moving pictures, full scale reproductions of home and shop conditions with the workers at work and industrial tableaux.

Conferences will be held on topics related to each exhibition group.

It is the purpose of the exhibition to show the need of legislation for the protection of the public from the dangers incident to the sweating system, to enforce the demand for an investigation by the National Government of the conditions under which women work in this country, and to call attention to the necessity of securing a protected machinery law in Illinois.

The Industrial Geography of Chicago

Covers a group of exhibits, illustrating the making of Chicago as a great geographic industrial center. This group of exhibits lays the foundation for an intel-

ligent understanding of Chicago's industrial pre-eminence. It has been prepared under the direction of Dr. J. Paul Goode, associate professor of Geography at the University of Chicago, and is presented by the Chicago Geographic Society. It will be supplemented by exhibits showing the process of manufacture employed at Chicago's Chief Industries.

Sweated Industries.

The presence and prevalence of the sweating system of industry in our city and other cities which furnish us every day commodities are a menace and a constant source of injury to the health and standards of living of both the sweated workers and the public which buys the sweated goods. Right here in Chicago the manufacture of articles of common use, such as clothing and food, is too often carried on in homes where filth and disease exist in foulest form. In this group the process of manufacture will be shown in the clothing trade, artificial flowers, furs, nut picking, macaroni and bakery goods. There will be reproductions of homes with workers at work, reproductions of shops with bad conditions, reproductions of shops with good conditions, exhibits of finished products of sweated labor, exhibits of Consumers' League and Union Label Goods.

Women in Industry.

It is the purpose of this group to indicate in a broad way the present day status of woman as an economic and financial factor, and the changes which have come about in recent years in her family and social environment. The chief emphasis will be placed on the industrial woman, as the conditions under which she lives and works interest, as never before, the public. The great public has heard much concerning woman's invasion of the world of industry, but it placidly goes on talking and writing about "woman's sphere—the home" quite oblivious of the fact that more than three million of her are in the factory, the work shop and the office. The industrial capacity of a woman as determined by her physiological and anatomical structure, her industrial capacity as related to her social function of motherhood, her industrial history and present opportunity, her numbers, her youth, her lack of skill, division of labor between man and woman, or the claim for the equal

wage, trade schools, unsafe and unwholesome conditions, labor and legislation, organization for women, trade unions, the living wage will be among the topics illustrated and discussed.

Safety Appliances and Occupational Diseases.

It is the purpose of this group to call attention to the appalling number of preventable accidents due to the use of unprotected machinery, and to the proportion of deaths and disease directly traceable to insanitary occupations. The exhibits will include photographs, models of safety appliances, occupational mortality charts, and, whenever practicable, full size protected and unprotected machinery in operation.

Remedial Measures in Factories and Stores.

In this group will be shown the efforts made by employers to better conditions

both through improvement of the plant, and through the introduction of measures designed to promote the personal comfort and health of employees.

Committee on Arrangements.

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Chairman; Miss Marian D. Sturges, Treasurer; Miss Anna Nicholes, Secretary; Miss Jane Adams, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, Dr. Sophronisba P. Breckenridge, Mr. Allen Burns, Mr. Edgar T. Davies, Mr. H. P. Dolan, Dr. H. B. Favill, Dr. Paul J. Goode, Prof. John Grey, Mrs. Lenora A. Hamlin, Mr. Perry Hedrick, Prof. Charles R. Henderson, Mr. R. D. Hogan, Mr. F. B. Hopp, Miss Mary McDowell, Miss Agnes Nester, Miss Bertha Poole, Mr. C. W. Price, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, Dr. Theo. B. Sachs, Prof. Graham Taylor, Mr. Graham R. Taylor, Mrs. Harriet M. VanDerVaart, Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth.

Committee headquarters, Room 1414 Unity Building, Telephone Central 3801.

SHAKSPEARE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

IF ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and come to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His characters are so much Nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet

all along there is seen no labor, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it; but the heart syells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised at the moment we weep; and yet, upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, at that very moment.

How astonishing is it, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the great than the ridiculous in human nature; of our noblest tenderness, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning, he is full as admirable. His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born, as well as the poet.

PROFESSOR BASCOM ON INJUNCTIONS.

In a recent letter to the Springfield Daily Republican, Professor John Bascom of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., gives his views on injunctions. These are so eminently fair and so convincingly stated that we reproduce the article as follows:

Secretary Taft evidently aimed, in his speech at Bath, to make a fair statement of the labor contention so far as it concerned Mr. Littlefield. Yet his words show the very common misapprehension which goes with this discussion. Most public men have reached the point in which they acknowledge the benefit of trade unions, and yet the acknowledgment often leads the way to a sweeping condemnation of the measures to which alone these unions owe their influence.

The labor movement is a social revolution, and, like all such revolutions, finds current convictions, methods and laws against it. The conventional customs and prejudices of men are disturbed by new claims, which in various ways, affect their interests. The courts and the procedure in them are committed to the protection of vested rights, and quickly recognize the evils associated with new forms of action. The courts in recent years have given injunction as a protective measure for property, a very unusual extension, and so have taken a part exceedingly unfavorable to labor in its attempts to secure a new footing. They have regarded the efforts of workmen in enforcing their claims as inimical to property interests—as, indeed, they are—and have adopted the most direct and effective methods to thwart them. They have made themselves the immediate champions of business necessities as they now prevail. The courts have thus become by a frequent and unusual extension of power a most formidable and successful adversary of the social contention with which workmen are occupied. In doing this the courts have gone quite beyond the methods ordinarily employed in establishing familiar rights, and have undertaken to anticipate the social changes which workmen have at heart.

All social revolutions affect, more or less directly, property interests. If these are to remain precisely what they have been, the desired social change, no matter how just in itself, is thwarted. If under these conditions, new laws are called for, defining more explicitly what the parties to the strife may do and may not do, legislatures and not courts are the proper tribunals. A legislature directly represents its constituents, is accessible to all parties, and

has the public safety committed to it in the freedom of new forms of action. The courts stand for vested rights simply, and are approached most readily by property and in behalf of property. Statute law also, in its enforcement, leaves all claims, on either hand, to be established and maintained by the ordinary processes of proof under familiar safeguards. The courts by injunctions summarize and condense all the steps of law, and make the command, the proof and the punishment proceed at once from one hand. If the injunction is tyrannical, no tyranny is more complete and irremediable. To commit a social question to the courts solely on its immediate relations to property is to forestall all social improvement. Under this method one might have been enjoined from giving a temperance lecture on account of its possible effect on vested rights; or from teaching a colored child, from its relations to slavery. On these grounds he is enjoined from approaching and persuading non-union men in reference to lines of action injurious to the laborer. Granted that social problems may call for new safeguards, this necessity is one to be brought before the legislature, not the court, and this is the fundamental contention of workmen in the restraints they seek to impose on the courts.

The sharpest discussion in the Senate on the railroad bill turned on the power of the courts to baffle, by means of injunction, any concession made to the Interstate Commerce Commission pertaining to the regulation of rates. The courts ought not to allow themselves, in the protection of vested rights, to extend familiar processes into new fields, and to bind both the people and the legislature to old ways, which they are striving to reshape.

Workmen are entitled, and the people are entitled, to hear the voice of the present in its best and wisest enunciation—not to be driven back by sepulchral words issuing from the venerable caverns of customs and law.

The wholesome violation of rights in Colorado was simply an assertion of military law, when there was nothing in the circumstances to justify it. An undue extension of power in any department of government, as a means of preventing some new or some imaginary evil, is an overthrow of the delicate adjustments of civil liberty. The contention of the workmen is in behalf of personal liberty and social growth.

EDITORIAL.

PETER W. COLLINS.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The resignation of John C. Spooner from the United States Senate emphasizes, perhaps to a greater degree than any other late event, the real attitude of the railroad combinations of this country toward the people. Spooner has always been the champion of the railroads in the Senate, and through his instrumentality there are many statutes with splendid titles, originally introduced as remedial legislation, that show the mental cunning of this supposed representative of a great State: statutes which carry a joker placed there by Spooner.

In the Senate he has served the purpose of the *Interests* and served them well. Outside the Senate he will serve the *Interests* as he served them within—with fidelity, cunning and brains. But they need him most outside the Senate, for the people are just coming to a realization of what an actual menace these great railroad combinations are to the progress of the country, and Spooner, better than any other man in or out of public life, is best fitted to carry out their fight against the awakening.

He knows where the weak points are in the bills enacted by Congress, for he put them there; and he knows how to carry out their campaign, for he has been their manager in the Senate. And now he is to be their manager out of the Senate, at the same time losing none of his influence in the Senate.

But the railroads need their champion most outside. There is to be a concerted effort made to thwart the will of the people through appeal to the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of many measures enacted recently by the States as well as the National Government, and the railroads are convinced that an absolute stand must be taken before the public is fully awake, and they have decided that John C. Spooner will be of greater service as the constitutional lawyer, rather than the Senator.

THE PESSIMIST.

Theoretically and practically, the pessimist is the fellow who is always predicting evil results, and who can never see the Sun shine, even on the brightest days. He "told you so" so many times that you feel homesick if he doesn't show up after the last calamity and again push the Sun out of its orbit. He is the only real despoiler of language and has added more adjectives to our already large assortment than even our worst enemy could wish us. His greatest delight—satanical, not earthly—is to approach us on the eve of some happy event, engage us in argument, put the *libosh* on our hopes of a good time by his warnings, and almost express the wish, in our presence, that his predictions come true. We have often wondered whether this character ever confides to himself the omens he willingly doles out to others; for if he does, we have greater sympathy for him than for ourselves. But after all is said, we can't make this a better world by hoping for the worst. We

must feel that there is something better in life than the gratuitous occupation of burdening ourselves with supposed calamities and prophesying evil at all times. Let us be cheerful even in the presence of the pessimist and prove to him that a light heart and a clear mind bring better results than a stack of clouds that have no silver lining.

PAY AS YOU GO.

It's a good plan to meet present obligations at present, and not expect that the future can compensate for itself and the past with its own earnings. We believe it is better to pay as you go.

While carelessness is a characteristic of the human family, and forgetfulness another, there is no virtue in either, and the sooner they are eliminated the better for the family. Many men have a failing in the matter of dues to their organizations, and seem to think the more they owe the organization the greater the benefits they derive. Others owe their friends and get sore on their conscience if it chides them for still owing. Then there is the group that owe for the real fun they have dodging their creditors, and occasionally the law.

They all mean to pay some day, and square up old accounts, but usually these go to make up the harvest of New Year resolutions annually made and annually broken. *Some day* is a long way off, and *to-day* is the only sure one.

Don't be permanently listed on the debtor side of the ledger, for it not only injures your credit, but smirches your reputation.

The keystone of success is character.

Consistency doesn't mean that the other fellow is wrong all the time.

The application of common sense to any problem, invariably brings a proper solution.

Discuss the principles, not the man; if the man is the best exponent of the principle, then discuss both.

Ideas are the stepping stones of talent.

Don't repose confidence in any man who calls himself your friend, and yet tells his friends of your failings.

Be wise in this generation to the extent of looking for the future.

Magnify your own faults, that they may be more easily corrected.

Chasing rainbows may be alright as a diversion, but the practical things of life are nearer to mother earth.

Mistakes are inevitable in a world where perfection is impossible, but the number can be reduced to a minimum by dint of application.

En Passe Shonts, late of the Panama Canal Commission is appealing to the people to give the railroads of the country a "square deal." Surely Shonts has not forgotten his own application of the Golden Rule to the unfortunate patrons of his own road, when he and Paul Morton, of *whitewash* fame, manipulated the steering gear.

Reed Smoot has at last been allowed a seat in the U. S. Senate. It does seem a pity that a decent fellow like Smoot should be compelled to mix in such doubtful company.

A fair question deserves an intelligent answer.

The least a man should do for himself is to be worthy of his best thought.

Dreaming is a weapon of the imagination used now days by clever authors to enhance their earning capacity.

Hope of future greatness salves many present sore spots.

Look Aloft.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave
and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing
should fall,—
If thine eyes should grow 'dim, and thy
caution depart,—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless
of heart.
If the friend who embraced in prosperity's
glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for
each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like
clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft," to the friendship which
never shall fade.
Should the visions which hope spreads in
light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but
brighten to fly,—
Then turn, and, through tears of repent-
ant regret,
"Look aloft to the sun that is never set.
Should they who are nearest and dearest
thy heart,—
Thy relations and friends—in sorrow de-
part,—
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust
of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in
bloom.
And oh, when death comes, in terrors, to
cast,
His fears on the future, his pall on the
past,—
In that moment of darkness, with hope
in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft,"
and depart.

—Jonathan Lawrence.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star with lessening
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rind his
breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past:
Thy image at our last embrace!—
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening
green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured
scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest;
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, to son the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care:
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

—Burns.



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As The Electrical Worker reaches the men
who do the work and recommend or order
the material, its value as an advertising
medium can be readily appreciated.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., MARCH, 1907.

Advertising rates may be secured by writ-
ing to the Editor.

*This Journal will not be held responsi-
ble for views expressed by correspondents.*

*The First of each month is the closing
date; all copy must be in our hands on
or before.*



Illinois State Journal Co., Springfield.

Vote of Executive Board on Appeal to
Allow Rejected Death Claims.

	King	McLaughlin	O'Connor	Godshall	Fitzgerald	Graham	Lofthouse
Orton, L. U.	317..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
Conway, "	21..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
McElroy, "	81..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
Droese, "	83..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
Cleary, "	479..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
*Bodie, "	339..Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
*Hickey, "	3..Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No
*Balderston, "	29..Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No
*Buckley, "	3..Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No
Golden, "	141..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
Loren, "	4..No	No	No	No	No	No	No
*Groves, "	29..Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes

*Previous to death of member, Local Union had
been granted extension of time on Per Capita Tax
by Executive Board.

In favor of paying claims—Yes.

Opposed—No.

Votes of Executive Board on *trans-
ferring 25 per cent of surplus (\$1,293)
and \$1,349 from General Fund for organ-
izing as per Section 7, Article 5, of the
Constitution:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Graham	Yes
Lofthaus	Yes

* Two separate appropriations.

Vote of Executive Board on request of
Grand President for \$300 appropriation
temporary headquarters New York City:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Lofthouse	Yes

Vote of Executive Board on request of
No. 166, Winnipeg, Canada, to pay per
capita to Canadian Trades and Labor Con-
gress. (Covers other Canadian Local
Unions):

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Lofthouse	Yes

Vote of Executive Board on request of
No. 140, Schenectady, N. Y., remission of
two month's per capita:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Lofthouse	Yes

Vote of Executive Board on appeal of No. 287, Philadelphia, Pa., remission of per capita for six months account of strike:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Lofthouse	Yes

Vote of Executive Board on request of District Council No. 3, of First District for donation of \$500 from Voluntary Defense Fund:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
Lofthouse	Yes

Vote of Executive Board on request of District Council No. 3, First District, for extension of time to August 18, 1907, on payment of loan from Defense Fund of \$4,000:

King	Yes
McLaughlin	Yes
O'Connor	Yes
Godshall	Yes
Graham	Yes
Fitzgerald	Yes
*Lofthouse	Yes

*For 3 months extension.

NOTICE.

To Local Unions of I. B. E. W: If Dave Tabor should deposit card No. 71668, out of Pine Bluff, please hold card and notify J. W. Johnson, financial secretary of No. 251 of Pine Bluff, Ark., as he jumped his board bill.

All inside wiremen keep away from San Francisco. Address all communications to Geo. E. Russell, 395 Franklin street, and not to A. E. Yoell.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

At a regular meeting, January 11, 1907, Local Union No. 176, tried John Negosinski, No. 37003, initiated by No. 176, Joliet, Ill. and Dennis Wright, No. 16138, initiated by No. 25, Terre Haute, Ind., upon the charge of receiving dues and initiation fees from brother members and not accounting for the same.

The before mentioned brothers were suspended indefinitely from the I. B. E. W. and the findings of this Local ordered published in the ELECTRICAL WORKER.

LOCAL No. 176, JOLIET, ILL.

Geo. M. Dow, Rec. Sec'y.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Will you kindly find space for the following in the WORKER:

That all members of the I. B. E. W. are requested to look out for one Michael E. Phair, card No. 43681, initiated January 9, 1907, by Local 195, of Danbury, Conn. The card shows his dues paid to March 1st, 1907, and that Local 195 will take advantage of Article 14, Sec. 11 of the Constitution. As he has left this city with an unpaid board bill also has collected what loose change he could from his fellow workers here. We have since learned that he has several names and when he gets tired of one he uses some other one. When he came here a short time ago as a stranger he was taken in, given a job and recommended to a boarding mistress by one of our worthy brothers, as he took him for a man of his word, but the results are as I have stated. So brothers and others that may read this look out for this man as he is a dead beat.

GEO. A. HORT.

INFORMATION.

I would like to know the whereabouts of C. S. Higgins and M. D. Sheridan.

Address,

CHAS. F. McDONALD.

4001 Vincennes ave., Chicago, Ill.

STAND FAST.

Come, come, little boy, there is hope for you yet—

Don't worry because you failed;
Just keep to the task and you will come right,

No matter how Fate has railed.
There is always the lilt of a song somewhere,

And there's always a hope for you,
So bend to your task, no matter how hard,

And the light will come rifling through.

Cheer up, little man, for the world is wide,

And many the road that's true,
And many the star in the trackless night
Will glitter and gleam for you.

Build well the walls of your halls, my boy,

And hold to all that's good;
Give the best you have—they'll come back to you,

Just as the best things should.

Take hold, little boy—do the best you can,
And mind not the scoffer's note,
When a man gets up to the dizzy crest
There's one who will always gloat
If you fall from the height, but heed him not,

To yourself be good and true,
Give from your heart, the love impart,
And the best will come back to you.

WILL F. GRIFFIN.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

DISTRICT COUNCIL NO. 7. 2nd. DISTRICT.

Some writers and orators who know less about the labor question than they do about the North Pole, declare that trade unions destroy personal liberty and keep all the workers down to "a dead level of sloth and incompetency." This is just as true as to say that the seats in a street car destroys the liberty of the passengers to stand up.

There never was a more shameless fraud than this "Right to Work" proposition in the way that it is being put forward by the trusts, the right to work for nothing is not a right; it is a wrong.

When a body of workmen are being treated with gross injustice, when their employer contemptuously refuses even to arbitrate, and when they choose to be strikers rather than slaves, the "scabs" who take their places are morally criminals; it is legal to be a "scab" in such a case. There is no law against the "scab" any more than there is against the monopolist or the wall street plunger, but the harm wrought to the nation by these three is as great as that done by burglars or counterfeiters.

No man has a right to make himself a menace to the community or nation in which he lives. The man who is beastly enough to be satisfied to live in a pigsty, has no right to endanger the public health by his unclean habits.

In everything else except money making and the labor question it is a principle of law that no one has a right to be a public nuisance or a public menace. How long would we permit a man to play a cornet in an apartment house from mid-

night until 2 o'clock in the morning? Would he not hear the peremptory knock of the janitor and a policeman in less than half an hour, and much would his plea of "individual rights" amount to?"

I do not mean to say that a worker who tries ignorantly or deliberately to break up a trade union should be treated like a cholera patient or a drunken musician, but only to show that the rights of the individual stop where social injury begins.

Of course there should be no violence, violence is advocated only by anarchists and military generals, and neither of these are to be found in the membership labor organizations.

The progress of the labor movement is greatly hampered by a small number of men who are at heart disloyal to trade unionism, but who are remaining in the unions for purpose of agitation. These agitators are in most cases earnest and honest men, but in every case they are lacking in common sense and practical ability. They are so childish, so ignorant of the practical steps by which progress is made, that their object is to pass red hot resolutions against the "Capitalist Class" and in favor of "public ownership of everything in sight." I would like to see more locals represented in the Worker in the future. Let the Brotherhood know that you are still doing business. Trusting this will meet your approval and thanking you one and all in advance, I beg to remain

Faternally yours,

Frank Fisher.

P. D. C. No. 7, 2d Dist., I. B. E. W.

IMPORTANT DECISION

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7.—Circuit Judge James W. Craige of this city recently rendered an important decision as regards to wages, holding that the only wage scale known to the general public is that maintained by the unions, and unless otherwise stipulated in contract union wages must be the standard figured on. Following is the decision in brief, given in the case of John A. Lewis vs. Edward Lewis, bill to enforce a lien:

"It can be said that the price of the Bricklayers' Union is known. The price of the other is not known. Had the defendant wanted his work done lower than the union price list, it would have been fair for him to have said so, and then the complainant in taking the contract would

have known the standard of wages figured on.

"I have no doubt but at the time the employment was made both parties understood and knew that nearly every man capable of doing the work was a union man, and that by force of circumstances union labor was to be employed to do the work, and now, after the work is done, it is claimed that perhaps some person or persons could have been found outside of the union to do the work at a cheaper price. That is a mere guess or speculation when it is clearly shown that nearly every man that is capable of doing the work belongs to the union, and this court orders that the union wage rate be paid the workman in question."

TELEPHONE GIRL EXPLAINS DELAYS.

Much Work, Poor Pay.

In the prevalent revolt against the inefficient telephone service supplied to subscribers in New York at the highest rates in the country, little has been heard from the so-called "hello-girl." She is the vital human factor in the telephone cosmos, upon whom inevitably falls the weight of much of the wrath of justly indignant users of the telephone.

They are for the most part an intelligent and uncommonly busy and industrious class of young women, who devote their best efforts to a task the nature of which taxes to the limit the last atom of one's patience and nervous energy.

Here is a letter received yesterday from one of the girls in the central station. The Herald prints it just as she wrote it, though her name, for obvious reasons, is omitted. It reveals in its unstudied eloquence some of the trials of the class.

"To the Editor of the Herald:

"In one of the evening newspapers we read recently the excuse given to residents of New York by the telephone company's manager for the poor telephone service they are receiving. He says that as soon as the girls become fairly expert they leave the company's employ to be married, and then 'green' girls have to take their places.

"We who are operators and are operating the switchboards in the central office know the true reasons for the poor service. It is true that girls do resign every week. About one in every ten resigns to get married, and the rest to take better positions.

Run Down by Overwork.

"The girls are overworked, having a hundred wires each on which to answer calls. When five or six subscribers happen to call at the same time on the same 'case,' how can they get good service? An

operator in an effort to give good service and to comply with all the company's rules, which are so many that a book had to be printed to hold them, finds herself in an absolutely run down and worn out condition. Owing to the heavy and continual strain upon their nerves, more 'nervous girls' can be found in the central telephone exchanges than anywhere else.

"Our hours are long, and if a girl speaks to her neighbor for a second there are those listening on her 'case' who will report it. An operator has not only subscribers to deal with, but also service inspectors, some of whom by making false reports and by continual nagging get a girl still more nervous and excited.

"Several times the officials have described how well they treat their operators when they are ill. In a room where two hundred girls are working, steam is being turned on all day and not a window is opened. When a girl faints or becomes hysterical, they give her restoratives, and before she has fully recovered she must sit in and work again. How can a subscriber get good service with a girl half ill trying to answer his wire?

"Another statement we wish to correct is in regard to wages. The operators do not receive \$12 a week. The experts only receive \$10 a week, which is small pay for a girl operating a case averaging from 1,600 to 1,800 calls a day. The public has blamed the operators unjustly. The users pay for a bad service, and the operators give to you the only reasons for such bad service. Several girls who I know have even taken employment elsewhere for less money than they get in central offices.

"It will be remembered that a short time ago some of the girls went on a strike for higher wages. They were all discharged for presuming to voice their discontent and to let the public know the true state of affairs.—N. Y. Herald. A. M."

SOME REAL FACTS ABOUT LOS ANGELES.

So much dope about this glorious land of "sunshine and flowers," is being circulated throughout the "frozen" east, that it will be well for our brothers in this "frozen east" to get a little knowledge about conditions out here from an organized labor point of view, and before they hike for the "sunshine, etc., etc.," for, after having paid out a 100 or so good dollars to the railroads to get out here, it is rather

difficult to save up enough money to get back, from the wages our men get herein this "open (wide) shop" locality.

There seems to be a system in the manner that this "dope" is sent out, and, when you consider the beneficiaries from the money of the victims, you can readily see into the "system." First—much of these glowing accounts of "Beautiful Sunshine California" comes from the rail-

roads, they get a hundred or so of your good hard earned dollars for "touting" you brothers.

Then again we have another combination here, who flood the east with "dope," our chamber of commerce, this is made up of prominent business men of the city, who, the more they can get out here, the "more" pickings from the "tourists."

This combination, the chamber of commerce, is also made up of many gentlemen who are members of the manufacturers association. The more men that get here (particularly) broke; the cheaper they can be hired to work.

I have met so many of our members from the east out here (practically) on their uppers, who were so woefully disappointed when they saw the real conditions here, that I am determined now, to let our members know what they must expect, when they land in "Sunny South-ern California" tis this.

In our inside trade, if your a real good man (for the boss) and will let him try you a few weeks, he might pay you \$3.50, if not from \$2.50 to \$3.00 (or as Stump Rabbit said, "\$3.00 and down, mostly down") is all you'll get. Of course, there are many of our "home guards" getting the \$3.50 however, they are those, who are paid for ability and length of service, and others, who "just won't work for any less."

Not a single "closed shop" in the town—except a few of our members that are trying to build up a little business for themselves, and they are seriously handicapped, bidding against a contractor who sends (maybe) one journeyman and a host of helpers out to do the work, or a "Curb-Stoner" who works 12 or 14 hours a day himself.

Our outside men have, through the

efforts of our District Council, started on a \$3.50 scale February 1" and all the companies they work for barring one are not only "open shop," but use their best efforts to keep their men out of our Brotherhood.

In fact, two of them will immediately discharge a man the moment they learn they are our member, as a consequence, they don't have to discharge very many.

So brothers, when you're coming, just be prepared to walk, or street car ride from the depot, for I can assure you, ther'll be no company, or electrical contractor there to met you (and carry your tools on the job) with a regular job at \$5.00 or even \$4.00 per, on the contrary, they'll be snugly sitting in their office, waiting for you, knowing your broke, to come up and go to work at their price, for it costs an awful bunch of money to get back, and it's an awful long "drill," and quite a desert to cross; and San Francisco aint "just a little ways from Los Angeles," but 500 big miles. In conclusion, if your unlucky enough don't figure on coming out here, and being able to get "something light" 'till you grow strong, for, chances are, that you'll plant here before you grow any stronger, for where you'll roast during the day (if it aint raining) and freeze after the sun goes down, the extreme is too great for a consumptive. I say this, after seeing several of our men from the east who came here for health and went farther along towards the river "Styx" in a month here, than they would have in six at home. There are many better places for a consumptive patient between here and Kansas City, than "Sunny South California," so drop off and save car fare, possibly your wind.

Nuff Ced.

DOGBERRY DAFFER'S CONQUEST!

P. W. C.

AS the good brig Nancy Diggers gently glided into the snug harbor of Bughouse Bay, Captain Tom Tiggers gave orders to drop anchor and clean decks, for on the morrow a gala reception was to be given by Dogberry Daffers, the shipping king, in honor of Liz Nosier, his village sweetheart.

Three years before our story opens, Dogberry Daffers had been leading the life of a ne'er do well and was saved from the depths by a salvation army lassie, Liz Noiser. He had in a spirit of jest promised the rosy cheeked maiden he would reform and be a man.

At this period there came into the life of Bughouse Bay one Piker Dibberts, a

chimney sweep. Piker was not so fair to look upon, but at that he beat Dogberry in looks by the skin of a twiddledee.

Liz Nosier, our heroine, was a massive red cheeked lanky lass, who had been driven by the big wind of 64 from her native hearth in Frogville and had settled in Bughouse Bay soon after.

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The reception was held with the pomp and blaze of ancient heraldry. Fair dames and daughters of the revolution were there in abundance. The music was especially fine and the famous Spungers Quartette fairly charmed the natives with a delight, seldom, if ever before experienced in Bughouse Bay. It was indeed

a scene never to be forgotten, and one that has lingered in the memory of those who were there; until this day.

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Dusk was fast approaching the silver toned nasal tenor of the Spungers Quartette had just buzzed that most beautiful melody, Home Sweet Home, to the accompaniment of an overgrown accordion, and in every eye there was at least a tear. The sweet voiced singer was applauded to the echo and beyond.

* * * * *

Silence reigned, when of a sudden the soul inspiring stillness was broken and Piker Dibberts with innumerable oaths rushed from his hiding place—disguised as a lobster—and snapping his greasy fingers in Dogberry Daffer's face, called him to his very teeth, a Pirate.

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The pale blue streaky dawn was creeping upon the distant horizon and the night dew of the evening past had dried in phosphorescent hunks upon the nearby heather. They were strolling along the

uneven avenue of Bughouse Bay, and as she leaned upon her newly wedded husband for support she pleaded with him to forget that Piker Dibberts had even darkened with his ungainly form the flower strewn pathway of their life.

* * * * *

Yes today is the anniversary of their wedding and they are celebrating with the joys of younger days, and as Dogberry takes her hand in his he knows now why Piker Dibberts lost out in the race to win her love. She has confessed that Piker was none other than her own brother and had deliberately plotted for her early marriage that she, Liz Noiser might be certain of porterhouse and chops for the rest of her life. He had staked his all on the result and won.

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The legend is still a live one, and the little children of Bughouse Bay even now speak of Dogberry Daffer's the shipping king, whose sails were trimmed by Piker Dibberts in the days when the little village by the sea was a social center.

UNIONISM AND NON-UNIONISM.

Death of an Electrical Worker Brings Out Startling Truths.

"Killed by his own carelessness."

This is what the telephone company officials and his fellow workmen say relative to the death of William Deeds last Monday morning at Bryant and Twenty-fourth avenues south.

The body was taken to the morgue and, later on, packed up and hustled away like a piece of merchandise to the Iowa town from whence the unfortunate man came.

Among those familiar with conditions in the electrical working world of this city it is declared that the man's death was due, not so much to carelessness as ignorance; the foreman on the job was the careless party. The entire crew were strike breakers, ignorant and incompetent, the foreman knowing little more about the work than his fellow scabs.

The accident prompted a representative of The Union to make a few inquiries and the following facts were learned.

During the past year nine electricians lost their lives in the same manner as

Deeds; eight of these men belonged to Electrical Workers' Union No. 24, and not one of the bodies was taken to the morgue. Those whose homes were in other cities were looked after by local undertakers, acting under orders from the union, and in each case the body was escorted to its destination by a guard of honor from No. 24.

The ninth man had "ratted" at one time and when his death occurred no one could be found to look after the body; for several days it lay in the morgue and then, when finally interred, there were few to follow and none to weep.

"The whole matter, reduced to its lowest terms," said an officer of the union, "means that the company considers a scab good enough to risk his life, but let an accident befall him and he is forgotten. On the other hand, when anything happens to a union man the organization stands ready to care for him. And yet we find workmen who declare that it doesn't pay to belong to a union."

THE LABOR PRESS.

REV. CHARLES STELZLE.

SOMEbody recently said that the average workman reads his labor paper as the early Christians read their New Testament. However that may be, a practical advertising manager insists that as an advertising medium a labor paper is fully ten times as valuable as the ordinary daily paper.

The average trade unionist man reads not only his trade journal which deals with the affairs of his craft, but also receives the local paper, which seeks to keep him informed with reference to the doings of organized labor in the town in which he lives. It is safe to say that nearly every trades unionist reads some kind of a labor paper, which he in many cases passes on to his fellow workmen who are not in the union, and in most cases it is also read by the members of his own family. It has been estimated that the labor press has a constituency of about ten millions, which includes the persons in the homes of the subscribers. From the professional advertising man's viewpoint, this is a conservative estimate, as there are about three million trades unionists in the United States and Canada, most of the trades papers, at any rate, being distributed in both countries.

The labor press does not always offer a life of ease and comfort, even aside from the trials that are peculiar to editors. As a class, labor editors are honest, in spite of the temptation to "graft," which comes to nearly every labor editor from employers, politicians, and ambitious "labor leaders." That they withstand this temptation is to their credit, for the salaries paid them are, as a rule, pitifully small. One of the brightest and best informed editors in this country receives only fifteen dollars a week for his services. They are supposed to be informed on trade conditions and to tell about these things in the language of the man in the shop. And most of them do it well.

The disposition to present the view of the employing class in the labor press is a source of constant surprise. Compared with the organs of the employers' associations, labor papers are unusually fair in their treatment of the labor question.

Contrary to the general impression, rarely does there appear an article which one might call radical. The conservatism and the restraint of these workmen is most admirable.

Constantly there is the appeal for temperate living. Corruption is labor circles is unmercifully scored. High ideals in the home and in family life are insistently presented. The appeal to the heart, in editorial, in story, in illustration and in news item, is found in nearly every issue.

The trade journals in almost every instance give considerable space to purely technical matters, thus supplying a course in technology which must be of great value to the mechanics and especially to the apprentices in the trade. Indeed, many of these journals are of the highest type in both matter and in general makeup, comparing favorably with the average monthly magazine sold on the news-stands.

As a rule the attitude of the labor press toward the employer is fair and reasonable. There is a disposition to regard him as a friend. But toward the man who opposes organized labor through an employers' association or a citizens' alliance, with a determination absolutely to crush it out, there is always the strongest feeling of resentment and bitterness. There is no class of men, not even the "scabs" whom they employ, who are more sincerely hated and more persistently ridiculed. There is, however, not the slightest disposition to advocate the use of violence in dealing with them.

The labor press suffers, as does every other part of the labor movement, in that many of the men who are developed in the ranks soon find other and more remunerative employment, where the responsibility is not so great and where the criticism is not so severe. Some of them become labor editors on daily papers, others go into the professions, some become politicians, many enter upon a business career, while still others are engaged by large employers to handle for them the labor problem as it exists in their plants.

In "The Outlook."

VINDICATION FROM CALUMNY.

ROBERT EMMET.

MY Lords—What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to

pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued

from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. It only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the band of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in the defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of

that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High,—which displays its power over man as over beasts of the forest,—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throats of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, all through this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression from which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his his country is liberated, will leave no weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he intends to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Column after column of space was given up in the daily press several weeks ago anent the alleged grafting of Mayor Eugene Schmitz, the Labor Mayor of San Francisco. You won't find a line in any of them containing the news that the restaurant proprietor who made the original charges that Schmitz and his followers had blackmailed him, made a general and public retraction of the charges. You won't observe any news items reading to the effect that the two principal witnesses against Mayor Schmitz were both convicts who Mayor Schmitz had

sent up for ballot-box stuffing. You won't see any information to the effect that the judge before whom the case is to be tried was opposed by the labor unions in a recent election and came pretty near getting defeated. Neither will the daily press proclaim the attorneys for the prosecution as paid agents of corporate wealth who declare they propose to kill the effect of labor unions in California politics. The Associated Press is a great institution for the other fellows. Hasten the daily labor press.—Mixer and Server.

SCENES FROM "PICKWICK."

DICKENS.

MR. PICKWICK'S apartments in Goswall street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front; his bedroom was the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell,—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer,—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy,—the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardwell's. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To anyone acquainted with these points of domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatonsville would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. "Your little boy is a very long time gone." "Why, it's a good long way to the borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell. "Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, "very true: so

it is." Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence; and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at the expiration of a few minutes. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again. "Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?" "La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger,—"*la*, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!" "Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, "that depends a good deal on the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir." "That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick. "But the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell), I think, possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"*La*, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again. "I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind." "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell. "You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I ever consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it till I sent your little boy out this morning, eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance; but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose: a deliberate plan, too,—sent her little boy to the borough to get him out of the way. How thoughtful! how considerate! "Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?" "O, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir." "It will save a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you than ever: but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness!" "Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick. "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will." "I'm

sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell. "And your little boy," said Mr. Pickwick. "Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell with a maternal sob. "He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "a very lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear!" said Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick started. "Oh, you kind, good playful dear!" said Mrs. Bardell; and, without more ado, she rose from her chair and flung her arms around Mr. Pickwick's neck with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs. "Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman!—dear me, what a situation!—pray, consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come!"—"Oh! let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically. "I'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul!" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't don't, there's a good creature, don't!" But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and, before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass. Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly at the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situation until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a

tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially-developed mind; and, considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away!" said the agonized Mr. Pickwick; "he's mad!" "What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians. "I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick pettishly. "Take away the boy!" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment) "now help me to lead this woman down stairs." "Oh! I'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell faintly. "Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman. "Thank you, sir, thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I can not conceive," said Mr. Pickwick when his friend returned,—"I can not conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing." "Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him. "There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman. "It's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

RIGHT USE OF A POST.

Old Grape Nuts Fulfills One Useful Function.

In his address to the recent conference in Chicago of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., who became more or less famous as a manufacturer of an alleged breakfast food, and decidedly infamous as the man

who divorced his wife to marry his fuzzy-haired stenographer, referred to the editors of labor papers as yellow dogs. Much obliged, Grape Nuts. Everybody knows what a yellow dog does to a Post.—Perth Amboy Messenger.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAISE.

BULWER LYTTON.

NO one can deny that animals in general, and men in particular, are keenly susceptible to praise. Nor is it a less commonplace truism that the desire of approbation is often at the root of those actions which society has conceded the character of virtue. Yet, in our private intercourse with our fellows, there is no instrument of power over their affections or their conduct which we employ with so grudging a parsimony as that which is the most pleasing and efficacious of all. We are much more inclined to resort to its contrary, and, niggards of praise, to be prodigals of censure.

In Scolding begets fear; praise nourishes love; and not only are human hearts, as age neri rule, more easily governed by love than by fear, but fear often leads less to the correction of faults and the struggle for merits than toward the cunning concealment of the one and the sullen discouragement of the other.

But let me not be misunderstood. By praise I do not mean flattery. I mean nothing insincere. Insincerity alienates love, and undermines authority. Praise is worth nothing if it be not founded on truth. It is only by appealing to whatever is good in a person that you may stimulate, for the cure of what is evil, that tendency of nature, which in mind as in body, seeks to rid itself of ailments pernicious to its health in proportion as its nobler resources are called forth.

Even in outlaws and thieves themselves, those persons who have undertaken the benevolent task of reforming them bear general testimony in favor of the good effects of praise, and the comparative nullity of scolding. It is told of a sagacious philanthropist that, in addressing an assembly of professional appropriators of goods not their own, he spoke to them in the following words:—

"It is true you are thieves, but you are also men; and the sentiment of honor is so necessary to all societies of men, that—But you know the proverb, 'Honor among thieves.' It is that sentiment which I appeal to and rely upon when I ask you to abandon your present mode of life, and, by a tenth part of the same cleverness in an honest calling which you manifest in your present calling, acquire from all men the confidence I am about to place in you. Yes, confidence; and confidence what in?—the very thing you have hitherto slighted, honesty! Here is a five-pound note. I want to have change for it. Let any one among you take the note and bring me the change. I rely on his honor."

The rogues hesitated, and looked at one another in blank dismay, each, no doubt, in terrible apprehension that the honor of the corps would be disgraced by the perfidity of whatever individual should volunteer an example of honesty. At last one ragamuffin stepped forward, received the note, grinned, and vanished. The orator calmly resumed his discourse on the pleasures and profits to be found in the exercise of that virtue which distinguishes between meum and tuum.

But he found his audience inattentive, distracted, anxious, restless. Would the ragamuffin return with the change? What an eternal disgrace to them all if he did not! And who could hope that he would? The moments seemed to them hours. At length,—at length their human breasts found relief in a lusty cheer. The ragamuffin had reappeared with the change. There was honor even among thieves! Now it seems to me that if praise be thus efficacious with rogues, it may be well to spend a little more of it among honest men.

All men who do something tolerably well, do it better if their energies are cheered on. It was the habit of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated painter, to say to his sitter, "Praiseme, sir, praise me: how can I throw any animation into your face if you don't choose to animate me?" And laughable as the painter's desire of approbation might be, so bluntly expressed, I have no doubt that the sitter who took the hint got a much better portrait for his pains.

Every actor knows how a cold audience chills him, and how necessary to the full sustenance of his part is the thunder of applause. I have heard that when the late Mr. Kean was performing in some city of the United States, he came to the manager at the end of the third act and said, "I can't go on the stage again, sir, if the 'Pit' keeps its hands in its pockets. Such an audience would extinguish Etna."

And the story saith that the manager made his appearance on the stage, and assured the audience that Mr. Kean, having been accustomed to audiences more demonstrative, mistook the silent attention of his American hearers for disapprobation; and, in short, that if they did not applaud as Mr. Kean had been accustomed to being applauded, they could not have the gratification of seeing Mr. Kean act as he had been accustomed to act.

Of course the audience were too much interested in giving him fair play

to withhold any longer the loud demonstration of their pleasure when he did something to please them. As the fervor of the audience rose, so rose the genius of the actor, and the contagion of their own applause redoubled their enjoyment of the excellence it contributed to create.

And it seems to me that the habit of seeking rather to praise than to blame operates favorably not only in the happiness of the temper, but on the whole moral character of those who form the habit. It is a great corrective of envy, that most common infirmity of active intellects engaged in competitive strife, and the immediate impulse of which is

always toward the disparagement of another.

It is also a strong counterbalancing power to that inert cynicism which is apt to creep over men not engaged in competition, and which leads them to debase the level of their own humanity in the contempt with which it regards what may be good or great in those who are so engaged. In short, a predisposition to see what is best in others necessarily calls out our own more amiable qualities; and, on the other hand, a predisposition to cover what is bad keeps in activity our meaner and more malignant.

WASHINGTON IRVING

THACKERAY.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter Scott spoke to Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family and passed away blessing them.

This is no review, or history, or criticism; only a word in testimony of respect and regard for a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with this eminent literary man. He was born almost with the republic; the pater patriae had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling, goodwill.

His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed us in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet, and socially the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart?

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if every one aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters.

The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read

descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of it, while his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that his house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions,—when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her.

I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his corrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lay the love of his heart, and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only live very modestly because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told,—I saw two of these ladies at his house,—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius. "Be a good man, my dear." One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part?

In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by pros-

perity; never obsequious to the great (or worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and

grateful; he was at the same time one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of of goodness, probity and a pure life.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

JOHNSON.

IT is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at lower a price. He that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts and sudden desires,—efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires, which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds, generally, from a false estimate of the human power. If we expect those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression, a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and, when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company or in solitude, in necessary business or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but perhaps, if it be detained by occupation less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures and

surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

For some cause like this it has probably proceeded, that, among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way—amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment,—hopes which always flattered and always deceived him,—he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hope to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application of books, that he will stand forever in the front rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers by informing us that "The Praise of Folly," one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate,—an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

SINCERITY THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE.

The following lines are from the German of Goethe's celebrated poem of Faust, and may be found in the translation by John Anster.

How shall we learn to sway the minds
of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance,—ask no toil of elocution!

And when you speak in earnest, do you
need
A search for words? O, these fine holiday
phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out com-
monplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp
and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes;
These filigree ornaments, are good for
nothing,—
Cost time and pains, please few, impose
on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whis-
tles,
leaves.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you
strive,

If from the soul the language does not
come,

By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive, in vain you study
earnestly,

Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a strugg-
ling light,

Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in
ashes,—

Startle the school-boys with your meta-
phors,—

And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding chil-
dren!

But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the
heart.

A WET DAY IN AN INN.

IRVING.

IT was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy
month of November. I had been
detained, in the course of a journey, by a
slight indisposition, from which I was re-
covering, but was still feverish, and
obliged to keep within doors all day, in an
inn of the small town of Derby. A wet
Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has
had the luck to experience one can alone
judge of my situation. The rain pattered
against the casements; the bells tolled for
church with a melancholy sound.

I went to the windows in quest of
something to amuse the eye; but it seemed
as if I had been placed completely out of
the reach of all amusement. The windows
of my bedroom looked out among tiled
roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those
of my sitting-room commanded a full
view of the stable-yard. I know of noth-
ing more calculated to make a man sick
of this world than a stable-yard on a
rainy day.

The place was littered with wet straw
that had been kicked about by trav-
elers and stable-boys. In one corner
was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding
an island of muck; there were several
half-drowned fowls crowded together
under a cart, among which was a miser-
able, crest-fallen rooster, drenched out of
all life and spirit, his drooping feathers
matted, as it were, into a single plume,

along which the water trickled from his
back.

Near the cart was a half-dozing cow,
chewing the cud, and standing patiently
to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor
rising from her reeking hide. A wall-eyed
horse, tired of the loneliness of his stable,
was poking his spectral head out of a
window, with the rain dripping on it from
the eaves. An unhappy cur, chained to a
dog-house hard by, uttered something,
every now and then, between a bark and
a yelp.

An uncomely servant girl tramped
backward and forward through the yard
in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather
itself. Everything, in short, was comfort-
less and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-
ened ducks, assembled like boon compan-
ions round a puddle and making a riotous
noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted
amusement. My room soon became in-
supportable. I abandoned it, and sought
what is technically called the travelers'
room. This is a public room set apart at
most inns for the accomodation of a class
of wayfarers called travelers, or riders; a
kind of commercial knights-errant, who
are incessantly scouring the kingdom in
gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are
the only successors that I know of at the
present day to the knights-errant of yore.

They lead the same kind of roving, adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and buffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass: they all appeared in one after the other, without exchanging a fect by the weather, and disappeared, word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the lived-long day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and everything about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller: old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times; good-for-nothing books that were worse than

rainy weather. I bored myself with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the commonplace names scrawled on the panes of glass; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing in-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain: it was one dull, continuous, monotonous patter—patter—patter, except that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yelped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn;—but the bustle was transient: the coach again whirled on its way; they boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes.

The street again become silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up. The barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears: and, on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month,—"Expect—much—rain—about this—time."

A SHIRKER SETTLES.

The labor unions of Great Britain decided to enter the political arena. Then the membership resolved to levy a per capita tax of a few cents per month to pay the campaign expenses and the salaries of their candidates for parliament, as the members of that body receive no pay.

Then one of the insects that infest every movement concluded he would shirk payment and entered suit to recover what he had already paid. But the British courts are in no way as prejudiced toward labor

unions as the American tribe and they decided that Mr. Shirker must not only continue to pay his dues, but pay the costs of the suit as well.

In the United States the judiciary would have lectured the union, ordered it to refund the dues to the recalcitrant member, while Eliot and Day would have proclaimed him a hero and Parry would have sung his praises. But the British courts simply "socked" the costs on him and indirectly bade him to be a man.—*Mine Workers' Journal*.

MY ORATORICAL EXPERIENCE.

HAWTHORNE.

WHILE I was occupied in criticising my fellow guests, the Mayor had got up to propose another toast; and, listening rather inattentively to the first sentence or two, I soon became sensible of a drift in his Worship's remarks that made me glance apprehensively toward Sergeant Wilkins. "Yes," grumbled that rough personage, shoving a decanter of Port toward me, "it is your turn next;" and seeing in my face, I suppose, the consternation of a wholly unpracticed orator, he kindly added,—"It is nothing. A mere acknowledgment will answer the purpose. The less you say, they better they will like it."

That being the case, I suggested that perhaps they would like it best if I said nothing at all. But the Sergeant shook his head. Now, on first receiving the Mayor's invitation to dinner, it occurred to me that I might possibly be brought into my present predicament; but I had dismissed the idea from my mind as too agreeable to be entertained, and, moreover, as so alien from my disposition and character that Fate surely could not keep such a misfortune in store for me.

If nothing else prevented, an earthquake or the crack of doom would certainly interfere before I need rise to speak. Yet here was the Mayor getting on inexorably,—and, indeed, I heartily wished that he might get on and on forever, and of his wordy wanderings find no end.

If the gentle reader, my kindest friend and closest confidant, deigns to desire it, I can impart to him my own experience as a public speaker quite as indifferently as if it concerned another person. Indeed, it does concern another, or a mere spectral phenomenon, for it was not I, in my proper and natural self, that sat there at table or subsequently rose to speak.

At the moment, then, if the choice had been offered me whether the Mayor should let off a speech at my head or a pistol, I should unhesitatingly have taken the latter alternative. I had really nothing to say, not an idea in my head, nor, which was a good deal worse, any flowing words or embroidered sentences in which to dress out that empty Nothing, and give it a cunning aspect of intelligence, such as might last the poor vacuity the little time it had to live.

But time pressed; the Mayor brought his remarks, affectionately eulogistic of the United States and highly complimentary to their distinguished representative at the table, to a close, amidst a vast deal

of cheering; and the band struck up "Hail Columbia!" I believe, though it might have been "Old Hundred," or "God Save the Queen" over again, for anything that I should have known or cared. When the music ceased, there was an intensely disagreeable instant, during which I seemed to rend away and fling off the habit of a lifetime, and rose, still void of ideas, but with preternatural composure, to make a speech.

The guests rattled on the table and cried, "Hear!" most vociferously, as if now, at length, in this foolish and idly garrulous world, had come the long-expected moment when one golden word was to be spoken; and in that imminent crisis, I caught a glimpse of a little bit of an effusion of international sentiment which it might and must and should do to utter.

Well, it was nothing, as the Sergeant had said. What surprised me most was the sound of my own voice, which I had never before heard at a declamatory pitch, and which impressed me as belonging to some other person, who, and not myself, would be responsible for the speech: a prodigious consolation and encouragement under the circumstances.

I went on without the slightest embarrassment, and sat down amid great applause, wholly undeserved of anything that I had spoken, but well won from Englishmen, methought, by the new development of pluck that alone had enabled me to speak at all. "It was handsomely done!" quoth Sergeant Wilkin; and I felt like a recruit who had been for the first time under fire.

I would gladly have ended my oratorical career then and there forever, but was often placed in a similar or worse position, and compelled to meet it as best I might; for this was one of the necessities of an office which I had voluntarily taken on my shoulders, and beneath which I might be crushed by no moral delinquency on my own part, but could not shirk without cowardice and shame. My subsequent fortune was various.

Once, though I felt it to be a kind of imposture, I got a speech by heart, and doubtless it might have been a very pretty one, only I forgot every syllable at the moment of need, and had to improvise another at the moment of need. I found it a better method to pre-arrange a few points in my mind, and trust to the spur of the occasion, and the kind aid of Providence for enabling me to bring them to bear.

The presence of any considerable proportion of personal friends generally

dumbfounded me. I would rather have talked with an enemy in the gate. Invariably, too, I was much embarrassed by a small audience, and succeeded better with a large one,—the sympathy of a multitude possessing abouyant effect, which lifts the speaker a little way out of his individuality and tosses him toward a perhaps better range of sentiment than his private one.

Again, if I rose carelessly and confidently, with an expectation of going through the business entirely at my ease, I often found that I had little or nothing to say; whereas, if I came to the scratch in perfect despair, and at a crisis when failure would have been horrible, it once or twice happened that the frightful emergency concentrated my poor faculties, and enabled me to give definite and vigorous expression to sentiments which an

instant before looked as vague and far-off as clouds in the atmosphere.

On the whole, poor as my own success might have been, I apprehend that any intelligent man with a tongue possesses the chief requisite or oratorical power, and may develop many of the others, if he deems it worth while to bestow a great amount of labor and pains on an object which the most accomplished orators, I suspect, have not found altogether satisfactory to their highest impulses. At any rate, it must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies, and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him, when by adulterating a little, or a great deal, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to the audience.

EDUCATION IN A REPUBLIC.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THERE are two simple plans of government, on which, either pure and without qualification, or with some admixture of the two principles, all constitutions are constructed. One of them asserts that the people are the rightful source of power, both ultimate and direct; the other denies this proposition.

When Charles the First stood upon the scaffold, and a moment before he laid his head upon the block, so firm was his faith in the last-named principle, that he declared, with his dying breath, that "the people's right was only to have their life and their goods their own,—a share in the government being nothing pertaining to them." The other plan is announced, in clear terms, in the constitution of Massachusetts: "The people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves, as a free, sovereign and independent state."

Now, it might be thought that, even on the theory of government which Charles sealed with his blood, education would be deemed a great popular interest, as teaching the methods, and furnishing some of the means, of preserving life and acquiring property, which he admitted to be within the right of the people. But, on the system established in the United States, where the people are not only in theory the source of power, but in practice and are actually called upon, constantly, to take an efficient part in constituting and administering the government, it is plain that education is universally and indispensably necessary to

enable them to know their rights and perform their duties.

But the exercise of the elective franchise is only the beginning of the duties of the citizen. The constitution makes it the right, the law makes it the duty, of all citizens, within certain ages, to bear arms. This right and duty, lightly esteemed in peaceful times, may become of fearful import. It will not then be a matter of indifference whether the honor and peace of the community are committed to an ignorant and benighted multitude, like those which swell the ranks of the mercenary standing armies of Europe, or to an educated and intelligent population, whose powers of reflection have been strengthened by exercise, and who are able to discriminate between constitutional liberty and arbitrary power on the one hand, and anarchy on the other.

There are other civil duties to be performed. The law of the land calls the citizen to take a part in the administration of justice. Twelve men are placed in the jury-box, to decide in the numberless questions which arise in the community,—questions of character, of property, of life. Then the various official trusts in society are to be filled, from a constable up to the President of the United States. The sphere of duty of some of these functionaries is narrow; of others, large and inexpressibly responsible; of none, insignificant. Taken together, they make up the administration of free government,—the greatest merely temporal interest of civilized man.

6. I have thus far spoken of those reasons for promoting common school education which spring from the nature of our government. There are others, derived from the condition of our country. Individual enterprise is everywhere stimulated; the paths of adventure are opened; the boundless west prevents the older settlements from being overstocked, and gives scope for an unexampled development of energy. Education is wanted to enlighten and direct those active, moving powers. Without it, much wild vigor will be exerted in vain.

The spirit of enterprise runs naturally toward the acquisition of wealth. In this I find no matter of reproach; only let it not be merely a Carthaginian prosperity. Let a taste for reading and reflection be cultivated, as well as property acquired. Let us give our children the keys of knowledge as well as an establishment in business. Let them, in youth, form habits and tastes which will remain with them in after-life, in old age, and furnish rational entertainment at all times.

When we collect the little circle, at the family board and at the fireside, in our long winter evenings, let us be able to talk of subjects of interest and importance,—the productions and institutions of our own and foreign countries; the history of our venerated fathers; the wonders of the material universe; the experience of our race; great moral interests and duties—subjects surely as important as dollars and cents. Let us, from early years, teach our children to rise above the dust beneath their feet, to the con-

sideration of the great spiritual concerns of immortal natures.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. No leisure for reading? Is there a man in the community, of intelligent mind, and with any, the least, tincture of improvement, derived from education, who, when coming, at nightfall, from his labor (I care not how hard or humble), if told that, beneath his roof, he would find Shakespeare, or Milton, or Scott, or Irving, or Channing, seated in actual presence by his fireside, and wanting to converse with him, would talk of wanting leisure, or of fatigue? Would he not bound forward to meet them, as the panting hart bounds to the water-brooks? Would not the stars grow pale in the sky before he would think of weariness?

Well, sir, there is not an individual in the community who cannot, for a few dollars, surround his fireside with these and kindred spirits, the lights and guides of humanity; not in bodily, but in intellectual presence. They will speak to his understanding; not through the ear, but through the eye. They will discourse to him, not in their every-day language, in which the most gifted do not always greatly excel their fellows, but in the choicest and purest strains to which, by study and meditation, and, I had almost said, by inspiration, they have elevated their thoughts; and this they will do, not for a hasty moment, in a brief visit, but again and again, for days and for years; yea, until by long continued intercourse with the noblest intellects of our race, his own becomes purified and exalted.

THE CONSTITUTION.

WEBSTER.

The Constitution of the United States creates direct relations between this government and individuals. This government may punish individuals for treason and all other crimes in the code, when committed against the United States. It has power, also, to tax individuals, in any mode and to any extent; and it possesses the further power of demanding from individuals military service. Nothing, clearly, can more clearly distinguish a government from a confederation of states than the possession of these powers. No closer relations can exist between individuals and any government.

On the other hand, the government owes high and solemn duties to every

citizen of the country. It is bound to protect him in his most important rights and interests. It makes war for his protection, and no other government in the country can make war. It makes peace for his protection, and no other government can make peace. It maintains armies and navies for his defense and security, and no other government is allowed to maintain them.

He goes abroad beneath its flag, and carries over all the earth a national character imparted to him by this government, and which no other government can impart. In whatever relates to war, to peace, to commerce, he knows no other government. All these, sir, are connections as dear and as sacred as can bind

individuals to any government on earth. It is not, therefore, a compact between States, but a government proper, operating directly upon individuals, yielding to them protection on the one hand, and demanding from them obedience on the other.

The truth is—and no ingenuity of argument, no subtlety of distinction can evade it,—that, as to certain purposes, the people of the United States are one people. They are one in making war, and one in making peace; they are one in regulating commerce, and one in laying duties on imports. The very end and purpose of the Constitution was, to make them one people in these particulars; and it has effectually accomplished its object.

How, sir, can any man get over the words of the Constitution itself? "We, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this constitution?" These words must cease to be a part of the Constitution, they must be obliterated from the parchment on which they are written, before any human ingenuity or human argument can remove the popular basis on which that Constitution rests, and turn the instrument into a mere compact between sovereign States.

The second provision which I wish to maintain is, that no State authority can dissolve the relations subsisting between the government of the United States and individuals; and nothing can dissolve these relations but revolution; and that, therefore, there can be no such thing as secession without revolution. All this follows as a just consequence, if it be first proved that the Constitution of the United States is a government proper, owing protection to individuals, and entitled to their obedience.

The people of every State live under two governments. They owe obedience to both. These governments, though distinct, are not adverse. Each has its separate sphere, and its peculiar powers and duties. It is not a contest between two sovereigns for the same power, like the wars of the rival houses of England; nor is it a dispute between a government *de facto* and a government *de jure*.

It is a case of a division of powers between two governments, made by the people, to whom both are responsible. Neither can dispense with the duty which individuals owe to the other: the people are masters of both. This division of power, it is true, is in a great measure

unknown in Europe. It is the peculiar system of America; and, though new and singular, it is not incomprehensible.

The State constitutions are established by the people of the States. This constitution is established by the people of all the States. How, then, can a State secede? How can a State undo what the whole people have done? How can she absolve her citizens from obedience to the laws of the United States? How can she annul her obligations and oaths? How can the members of her legislature renounce their oaths?

Sir, secession, as a revolutionary right, is intelligible; as a right to be proclaimed in the midst of civil emotions, and asserted at the head of armies, I can understand it. But as a practical right, existing under the Constitution, and in conformity with its provisions, it seems to me to be nothing but a plain absurdity; for it supposes resistance to government, under the authority of government itself; it supposes dismemberment, without violating the principles of Union; it supposes opposition to law, without crime; it supposes the violation of oaths, without responsibility; it supposes the total overthrow of government, without revolution.

The Constitution regards itself as perpetual and immoral. It seeks to establish a union among the people of the States, which shall last through all time. Or, if the common fate of things human must be expected at some period to happen, yet that catastrophe is not anticipated. The instrument contains ample provisions for its amendment, at all times; none for its abandonment, at any time. It declares that new States may come into the Union, but it does not declare that old States may go out.

The Union is not a temporary partnership of States. It is the association of the people under a constitution of government, uniting their power, joining together their highest interests, cementing their present enjoyments, and blending, into one indivisible mass, all their hopes for the future. Whatsoever is steadfast in just political principles; whatsoever is permanent in the structure of human society; whatsoever there is which can derive an enduring character from being founded on deep-laid principles of constitutional liberty and on the broad foundation of the public will,—all these unite to entitle this instrument to be regarded as a permanent institution of government.

THE DEATH ROLL OF INDUSTRY.

BY CLARENCE H. MARK, IN MACHINIST JOURNAL.

The newspapers tell each day how many head of live stock have been killed in the United States, but we know almost nothing of the death roll of human life through accidents in industry. In other words, we have lost our sense of proportion concerning the value of human life. Through the wear and tear of industry, one life is sacrificed every minute to industrial progress. The cost of production has been reduced to a science, yet the economic loss entailed through the maiming and killing of the wage earner has been entirely lost sight of.

England, France, Germany and Switzerland keep perfect records of the awful loss sustained by wage earners through accidents in industry. The United States, on the other hand, has made scarcely any effort in this direction. Massachusetts and New York are the only States that have made any progress in gathering statistics of accidents in industry. Pennsylvania has investigated the losses in the coal fields and Illinois is now engaged in the same work. The Interstate Commerce Commission knows how many lives are lost on railroads each year, but on the contrary, we have no records of how many lives are sacrificed in the manufacture of the rolling stock of the railroads.

Some years ago an estimate was made of the number of accidents occurring each year in Germany. The first investigation showed three times the estimated number, and, when completed, the actual number was six times greater than the original estimate. In France, where accurate records are kept, it has been found that 222,124 workers were either killed or injured, exclusive of mining and railroading. With a population less than one-half of our own and with laws admittedly quite perfect, it is easy to see that twice this number, or 444,248, would be a just estimate of such accidents in our own country, where our laws are notoriously inadequate.

From statistics compiled by the American Institute of Social Service, gathered from every available source in our own country, it has been found that 536,165 are annually killed and injured in the United States, or over one a minute. These figures cover five great industries, railroading, mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture.

For the year ending June 30, 1904, the Interstate Commerce Commission reports that 84,155 people were injured and 10,046 killed. When you board a train the thought may flash through your mind as to the chance you run of being killed on

the journey. You may have heard that the risk to the passenger is one in a million, but the odds for the man a little farther ahead in the mail car is a twenty to one shot. The man at the throttle stands one chance in nine of being injured and one in one hundred and twenty of being killed. The risk among the yard men is quite as great. Last year 8,000 of these were sacrificed alone. No account is taken of the accidents in the car shops and engine works.

Of the thirty odd States carrying on mining operations, only fifteen make any attempt at keeping a record of accidents and loss of life. Peter Roberts has found that the average miner is struck down when 32.13 years of age. He is removed in the prime of life when his family and the community most need his services. For 1904 fifteen States reported that 1,905 men had been killed and 4,081 injured in the mines. This total of 5,986 is credited as quite correct by John Mitchell. The latter also estimates, on the same basis, that the loss in killed and wounded in the other States would be at least 6,000. Including the lives laid down in gold, silver, copper, iron and lead mining, a conservative estimate on the annual loss of life would be 11,986 in this field of industry.

The two industries, railroading and mining, are the only ones covered by reliable statistics in the United States. New York State alone (a significant comment in itself) has reported accidents in factories for some years. From these investigations and from the French statistics quoted above, it is conservatively estimated that 444,248 workers are yearly sacrificed in building and factory operations.

In one factory in New York city recently seven men lost their hands in two weeks by reason of defective machinery. In another—a brass factory—nine men lost from two fingers to the whole hand from the same cause. In the construction of the Manhattan tunnels the price in blood, per day, is one human life. In every one of these cases the accidents could have been prevented by the installation of a simple safety device. As a result of this lack of protection, these men, all with families, were discharged as useless, and, in five out of ten cases, these families within three months had become public charges. Employers fail to see the necessity of protecting their men, but they at the same time forget that they help to pay in taxes for the support of these very employees who have been sacrificed.

Of all industries, less is known as to the loss of life in building operations than

in any other. The same reports quoted above concerning factories, and admittedly the most complete in the United States, give the total of injured and killed in New York for one year in building as thirty-one. When it is known that one-half this number are sometimes killed in New York city alone in one day, it can be readily seen how wide of the mark these figures are. From a record of 612 cases of accidents recently clipped from newspapers in one month it is found that 182 were in some branch of the building trades, nearly 30 per cent. If this ratio were carried out for the United States it would mean something like 225,000 annually incapacitated by accidents in building operations.

The simple life of the agriculturalist is not ordinarily considered a dangerous one, but with the introduction of modern machinery, the loss is beginning to be felt, even here. A man may be kicked by a horse, crushed in a runaway, injured in an explosion while clearing land, run over by a harrow, caught in a threshing, or injured in a multitude of ways. For 1905, the Department of Labor reports 588 serious accidents of this kind, but state that these records are very incomplete. In Canada, where facts concerning such accidents are kept, we learn that, by comparison we would sustain a loss of 8,232 lives annually in agricultural pursuits.

What the above figures mean in misery and suffering no man can estimate, but we can at least determine the economic loss involved. In wages alone, estimating the average earning capacity at \$500 annually, there would be a loss of something like \$260,000,000 in earning power. The loss in production is easily twice that sum. Recent experiments in New York and Chicago to re-establish those who

have been injured, show that fully fifty per cent possess some earning power. At the present time, however, these are not put to work on a large scale, so that the loss is total. About fifteen per cent of the above number are killed, leaving a balance of 500,000 to struggle against their handicaps. If the partially disabled are not re-established, they are destined, sooner or later, to become public charges. Poor relief statistics show that the cost for maintaining a pauper throughout his natural life is \$6,000. Should even one-half of the above number ultimately become public charges, it would mean that this country annually contracts to pay one and one-half billion dollars for the support of these injured artisans during their lifetime. Truly "haste makes waste." Instead of checking the waste, by preventing accidents in industry, the ruthless slaughter is allowed to go on. Whole families are thrown upon the community, when the bread winner is injured, and one of three choices is left them. Either the women and children must go into the factories, and suffer from the "speeding up" process, or seek relief through charity. In case they are too proud to do this, the other recourse is starvation. Many choose the latter.

Germany and other countries have recently approached this problem in a sane, business-like manner. In the former country there is now in force a system of workmen's insurance, which, in case of accidents and sickness, is giving complete satisfaction. This question far overshadows in importance many others about which labor is wasting its breath and ink in our own country today. It is certain to become a leading issue in politics within the next ten years in this country, as the recent advance in social and labor legislation indicates.

EDUCATION FOR WAGE-WORKERS.

Bad government and false religion are somewhat alike, as they both depend on ignorance for support. As a pure worship is best sustained by an enlightened reason, so a good government is best upheld by a cultivated intellect; for while investigation and intelligence poison the very life-blood of a tyranny, they serve to purify and cause more vigorously to flow that of a republic, and enable the heart thereof to beat with a more healthy action. The words quoted here as a text seem to recognize the union of virtue and intelligence with the prosperity of a good government—they teach the immutable truth that wisdom and knowledge, or virtuous intelligence, constitute the true

strength of a people, and in proportion to its diffusion abroad will be the permanency of the peace, and the advancement of all good in society.

Moral energy must be regarded as the great sustaining power of our free institutions. Wealth and physical force are the creatures of a day; virtue and intelligence are akin to things of eternity, as they flow from the purity and wisdom that upholds and governs all worlds and beings.

It is cheerful to the patriot and philanthropist to discover the illuminating truth, that good principles and intelligence are the best safeguards of a people's rights. The knowledge is spreading

abroad in our land, and though it now has but just emerged from the sea of indifference, yet we can discern signs of its gradual approach to the midday throne, from whence its light shall be shed far and wide to illumine the world.

That state of society is far from being healthy where the ignorant and the vicious are on the same plane with the wise and virtuous—where the varied ranks are caused, not by different degrees of intelligence, integrity and virtue, but by different degrees of wealth, where riches is a veil to cover vice and a mask to hide the hideous deformity of licentiousness.

In order to restore such a state of society to health, we must strive to make the community feel the truth that wisdom and knowledge are the only riches worthy of homage and that nobility of mind should be less talked of and more honored. When we remember what a powerful ruler public opinion is in this country, we need no argument to prove that wisdom and knowledge should be diffused far and wide. As that mighty ruler is enlightened, so will be the stability of our good institutions, and the more shall we be freed from the effects of license.

Because ignorance is the firmest friend of vice and knowledge is the truest aid of virtue, because truth is favorable to man and error hurtful, because wisdom calls into exercise the best and folly the worst qualities of our natures—they who labor with their hands should be enlightened in mind. If the millions of dollars thrown away on the heathen of other lands were expended to promote universal education in our own country, what a mighty mass of ignorance would be removed, and how much would the general standard of intelligence be raised.

Some people imagine that the peace of society can be best promoted by preventing the leavening principle of knowledge from entering the mass of the common mind, feeding the few with the rich loaves of wisdom and the many with the unnourishing, unleavened bread of ignorance. But the truth is against such an argument. "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times," or the protecting powers of peace. Ignorance in the people impairs the strength of a good government, for the more they know of the fitness of just laws to promote the happiness of the whole, the more contented they will be to yield obedience. If there are laws that are unjust, the sooner they are discovered and repealed the better. If the increased intelligence of the common mind causes such discoveries to be made, then one good at least will be found to have resulted from the diffusion of knowledge.

But it is said that education will make men dissatisfied with their trades, and

cause them to be unreasonably ambitious for other stations in life. Far different will be the result of right education, for workmen will soon learn that honest labor is a virtue. To "dress and keep" the garden in which he was placed was Adam's first duty, and constituted the first trial of obedience. Labor being recognized as a virtue, and like all other virtues, ennobling the obedient, industry will be considered as most honorable, as the principle of life to the improvement of society. To instruct men in their duty can not be giving them an incentive to neglect it; nor will the knowledge of their true value to society prompt them to despise it, but rather lead them to cherish their work with a proper self-respect. They will have just notions of the importance of mechanical employment, and correct views concerning its character.

The common remark of education's disqualifying the mechanic for his occupation, contains an implication the most hurtful to truth, for it seems to assert that the admirable mechanism of society, of which we so much boast, is a mere dream that will vanish as soon as men awake from the slumbers of ignorance. But it is not so.

Education increases knowledge; opinion is founded on knowledge, and is so far good as it is correctly enlightened; therefore, it follows that in order to cause the opinion of the common mind to be good, to be favorable toward the support of a good government, it must be properly enlightened. Knowledge must be increased and ignorance diminished.

The eagle is a bird of light and liberty, and as she soars for liberty she wings her way toward light, teaching us that if we seek liberty of mind, we must seek for the light of mind; for liberty among men is the offspring of the awakened intellect bursting from the sleep of indifference, and coming forth into the clear sunshine of diffusive knowledge, that shows them their rights, duties and hopes.

The efforts that are now exerted to improve the minds of the wage-earners will serve to strengthen the hands of government and correct the tone of society. By increasing the source of mental enjoyment, man's natural love of excitement will be happily directed, and the taste for mere sensual gratification lessened. Debates are fruitful sources of useful knowledge; by the interchange and collision of thought the mind gains energy and becomes enlarged, and one simple remark sometimes opens a vast mine of ideas that might otherwise have been hidden in oblivion. By submitting one's opinions to be thrashed by the flails of criticism, the chaff is separated from the wheat.

As the stars are not seen clearly till the darkness of night has covered the

earth, so the truth will not be clearly demonstrated that the improvement of the great body of the people is the only hope of salvation from national evil, until the darkness of fearfulness comes—the night of time when our dearest hopes shall be threatened. If, then, we erect obstacles to the general pursuit and diffusion of knowledge, we, by the very act, sap the foundation of the permanency of our liberties.

While a hope lingers in our breasts that the free institutions of our land may not be perishable glories, and sink down into the graves of former republics—while we hope that in after ages our country shall be pre-eminent the history of nations—we should never be indifferent to the personal character and qualifications of a "candidate for public office." The mists of party should not be permitted to blind our eyes when we look for proofs that

our favorite is honest and capable; we should look with a clear eye and steady glance; mark faults as well as excellencies; and then act as sober reason dictates, being willing to sacrifice partiality to principle, and favoritism to the public good.

Let the doors of the temple of political intelligence be thrown wide open—let the press be the messenger of truth, and not of falsehood and abuse—let the avenues to political advancement be fast closed against the ignorant, unprincipled and vicious, and then the moral energy of our nation will be increased, its glorious institutions more firmly established, and many of the dark clouds that dim the brightness of our country's fame will pass away, and Columbia enjoy a brighter and happier day.—American Federationist.

CITIZENS' ALLIANCE ATTACK.

The annual spasm of the National Citizens' Industrial Association has just occurred in Chicago. This organization is the head of all the Citizens' Alliance societies throughout the country.

C. W. Post, one of the strongest anti-union labor advocates in the United States, is the president of this national association. In his speech, which was telegraphed to every city, he attempted to condemn union labor of San Francisco. He claims that the unions are responsible for the grafting officials and for retarding rebuilding. He said that plans for new buildings in the burned district lie idle because the laborers are asking such high wages.

Post, of course, is viewing the situation at a long distance, and even though he were correctly informed he would not, on account of his bias and prejudice against the man who works, be able to judge our conditions as they are.

Post deliberately tells a falsehood when he says that Union Labor is doing its best to stand between grafting officials and justice. No Union Labor man will uphold even one of his own members who has betrayed the cause of labor and brought it into disrepute.

The charge made by him that the unions have hampered the rebuilding of the city is absolutely without foundation. The unions in very few instances have raised their wage schedule, although living expenses have gone up appreciably. But on the other hand, contractors them-

selves, in their eagerness for skilled work, have voluntarily raised wages so as to secure for themselves the help necessary.

The lumber trust and trust prices on all building materials have worked against San Francisco's prosperity more than any other one cause.

To pity San Francisco as a victim of labor unions, throttled in her efforts to rise again, is both false and absurd, and Post knows it, but these are the methods employed by capital to down organization of the workingman, and are to be expected.

It is just such millionaires as Post who desire to keep the workingman under their thumbs. The only difference in the labor conditions between San Francisco and other cities is the fact that here the workingmen are justly receiving a better share of the wealth that they produce. The men have struggled for years to get their organizations to such a state of perfection that better wages are obtainable.

Post, Herbert George and other men of this class are doing all in their power to disrupt the unions of San Francisco, and incidentally are injuring the city by their usual under-handed methods.

But even the trust, even the graft, even the excess of crime, had not kept down this city since the fire. In spite of all these hindrances, San Francisco is going ahead, cheerfully, quickly, thoroughly; there are prosperous years ahead for us, and every man and merchant feels it.

LABOR'S BALANCE SHEET.

BY ROBERT BURTON BRUCE.

It is near the time to foot up the columns, inventory stock, find profit and loss, view the prospective and consider the conditions that have advanced or retarded business. Whether we be a merchant, a manufacturer or a workman; particularly should there be no attempt, especially on the part of the manufacturer or the workman, to over- or underestimate the results, whatever they are, or have been, or appear to be. If the proof sheet is clear and errorless, the lesson should be carefully, thoughtfully gone over and over until there is no possible reason for charging it was not thoroughly consulted, considered and understood.

Plain facts must be stated, plain truths revealed, plain language used, and prompt, decisive action taken to avoid the errors of the past by guarding against any menace or repetition in the future, and I can but believe there will be none to say this is not only the proper but the wisest course to pursue. The position I hold is not a private one. It brings me in contact with the public at large in towns, cities and states, with employers and employees and consumers of large and small means, thus affording unrestricted opportunities for wide and varied observation. Hence, I have nothing to gain by drawing upon far-fetched imagination or views tempered with personal grievances or desire for redress. In my opinion, the man who seeks to improve industrial conditions should be supported, just as the union workmen should be encouraged in his efforts to raise the standard and the value of his labor, for I believe the union workman is of a higher order than the vagrant who is satisfied to live amidst the scant and the scum of poverty's hovels, and that therefore the former is entitled to recognition socially, morally and intellectually higher, broader and wider, especially since he labors not for his own good alone but for the good of his employer and fellow-workman, and when he fails to place the interests of either next to his own, he is true to neither himself nor his employer nor his associates. On the other hand, the man who degrades his employees, tyrannizes over them, is avaricious and subjects all to struggle for a fair and reasonable livelihood, is an object of humanity no intelligent, broad-minded community should tolerate or respect.

Now it must be charged that labor has been too slow in placing its power upon a plane that would give it value and advantages of inestimable worth. The charge is not alone in its standing. By its side must be placed another which,

reduced to a single word, we recognize as overconfidence. Therefore, it is time to strike a balance sheet, open a new ledger and set down to a course free from methods and means which have proven futile, unsafe and based upon no reasonable, practical view.

It has been asserted, principally by political haranguers and greedy capitalists, that union labor is based upon the principle of selfishness and avarice when it demands to be placed upon the highest standard of value. Such an assertion, however, finds only condemnation with impartial, broad-minded thinkers. Nevertheless, there are charlatans of capital and fawning politicians who would have us believe union labor has gained and prospered largely in the year closing, and that only the indolent have failed to take advantage of or be benefited by this asserted prosperity.

I am ready to concede that, in a certain way, union labor has made a remarkable and encouraging advance not only to its own surprise but to the astonishment of those who have fought its every effort to improve industrial benefits by the power of money, the prejudice of courts, the influence of political forces and the odium caused by the ignorant, pliable vagrant. It is sadly unfortunate in a country where science, skilled labor and a high order of intelligence are factors which have given it power and prominence among the nations of the earth, that such blemishes are found, more unfortunate than the greed of the capitalist and the ambition of public officials—not excepting the judicial ermine—should embrace every opportunity to give encouragement and employment to such worthless elements, still more unfortunate that there are people and communities that permit their sympathies to aid and assist this encouragement, but most deplorable of all is, that there are members of unionized labor who weaken their own cause and power by a feeble, faltering, vacillating and inconsistent support.

A careful survey of these conditions shows that notwithstanding their adverse effect, there is a strong determination, on the part of those who are guarding and guiding the cause of union labor, to strengthen it by moving along the lines of pacific and educational argument and away from methods not sanctioned by them, because they are methods violating law and order. This is as it should be, and the farther organized labor leads itself and its advocates from such methods, the stronger does and will it grow with the general public.

Here is where union labor finds the balance sheet in its favor, and indeed is it gratifying to note that the impartial public is accepting this course as sincere and the wisest, since the advance is toward higher, broader grounds of stable defense and presentation of skilled, intelligent, honest labor and for better conditions and relations between employer and employee.

At the same time, it is not to be denied but more strongly maintained that capital has exerted its power to force downward the value of skilled workmanship without lowering the cost of manufactured and purchasable articles, increasing their production or raising their standard of excellence; nor must it be overlooked that it has fought and continues to fight for greater increments to itself, but not for the consumer nor the factor—the workman—who turns the tendency toward the profit side.

The consumer is not a participant in this increase on the profit side. His account is on the left, in fact so heavily on the left that he often finds it is balanced only by a transfer to the losing side of profit and loss. It is the same with the workman. The digest is, that both are forced to bear the burdens of deprivations, the unfortunate fact existing that the man who really creates this benefit is the one who does so by greater toil, longer hours and less pay.

Thus it is seen that while union labor has gained a higher standing in public opinion, its wage has not advanced the cost of living; in fact, its struggle has

been to hold what it has in hand. Were it otherwise, it would have no cause for complaining it was underpaid or not sufficiently to meet the demands of comfortable living, and that it was unjustly charged with demanding a wage forcing upward material cost.

These circumstances and conditions are all the more serious in view of the fact that capital has gone still farther in its unjustness to the workman and consumer in general by blinding civil and judicial influences to uphold its ruinous contest, which, however, must not be accepted as permanent, for sooner or later the public will cease to rely upon the promises and pledges, the claims and assertions of leagues, clubs, associations and alliances that hold out to labor the roseate hue of profitable employment and reductions in the cost of living, neither of which will bear the searchlight of investigation. Instances are not confined. One which can and must be taken is a true record of all. It is that of an Employers' Association—"not a million of miles" from the office of The Carpenter—and it gives what must be accepted as facts; that of the 11,740 names it had registered for employment 713 were employed, of which number 535 quit, 78 were discharged, 49 were "laid off," leaving 51 of the 11,740 holding positions. The report is a confidential one to the members of the association, not all of whom, however, favor the "wide-open" system which the association encourages.

This report is for a year, and I leave it to the thoughtful public and the workmen at large to ponder over as they read this article.

THE VALUE OF ORATORY.

KNOWLES.

THE principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter; it is the most important, and its highest efforts are called oratory.

If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in oratory. In any enlightened community you will find numbers who are highly skilled in some particular art or science, to the study of which they did not apply themselves till they had almost arrived at the stage of manhood. Yet, with regard to the powers of speech, those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals; and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep,—with regard to those powers, how few surpass their fellow

creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few deserve distinction! how rarely does one attain to eminence!

In common conversation, observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance; he commands the respect of his auditors; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business the same superiority attends him. He communicates his views with clearness, precision, and effect; he carries his point by his mere readiness; he concludes his treaty before another man would have well set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship?—how happy is the friend! Of charity?—how fortunate is the distressed! Should he enter the legislature of his country, he proves himself the people's bulwark!

A NEW SOLUTION OF THE "BACKWARD CHILD" PROBLEM.

By John Kennedy, Superintendent of the Batavia (N. Y.) Public Schools.

Six years ago it occurred to Batavia to assign teachers to give personal attention to the backward and distressed children; to sit by their side; to wipe away their tears; to dispel their despair; to quiet their apprehensions; to warm them up with assured sympathy; to give them that composure of spirit that would render mental action possible; to train their attention; to train their apprehension; to train their reasoning; to train them to the art of self-appropriation; to awaken their confidence; to fill them with joyful hope; to arouse their ambitions; and to send them back to their classes not only filled with the spirit of confidence, but with the very spirit of challenge. That is what our individual teachers were asked to do; and that is what they have done. That is a great reform. That is a great exchange for the doggedness and despair that are so common in school and that work such distress all around.

Happy schools and happy homes meet every desire of childhood; in them and by them the children are safeguarded from moral danger. In the past six years no child below the high school has been required to take home a single task. There is no longer such a thing as: "The whining schoolboy with his satchel." There are now no dismal arrears to be packed into that poor satchel and dumped out upon miserable homes. The schoolboy has his "shining morning face," but it is shining with a light glowing forth from the joy of life within. No longer is the laden boy "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school;" he is now bounding there to resume the pleasant work abruptly terminated on the previous day. School hours are sacred to sweet labor; but labor, be it ever so sweet, is not permitted to trench upon other demands of life; it is locked in with the books and empty benches when the key turns at three. Back work of any kind, whether due to slowness of mind or temporary absence, is treated as an arrear that belongs solely to the school, and by no means to the home nor to the parents. And those arrears are reached during the school hours in a regular and legitimate way, and not by a special imprisonment after school, in which unhappy children are required to meet in the character of delinquents teachers who are in a state of uncharitable exhaustion.

Is it honest to take money for the education of all the children and then to educate only a few? Is it honest to take

money for the education of all, and then deny to the many not only their birthright, but what has been provided for them under special contract? Is it honest to treat the many as intruders and to estimate rights only by quickness of apprehension? Is it honest to place teachers where they must be dishonest by compulsion? Intruders may stand a little on the order of their going, but go they must, and go they will, in the long run. Some startling statistics are getting upon record. Statisticians have computed that of the children who enter our schools fully one-half disappear before reaching the fifth grade; of the survivors three-fourths or thereabouts disappear before reaching the threshold of the high school, and of those who enter the high school, three-fourths or thereabouts disappear before graduation, and that a serious depletion still goes on among those who survive to enter college. These statistics, of course, are taken from the country at large, and will be modified in individual cases. But they indicate the operation of causes deserving of most serious attention. It must be conceded that many causes outside of schools, and for which the schools are not at all responsible, contribute to the emptying of the schools. But when all that may be justly charged up to those outside causes are massed into an aggregate, they will be found to constitute a mere rill compared to the great stream discharged by the school itself. The untaught must go; the untaught do go; therefore the schools are empty.

The Batavia system is not a place for getting rid of children; it is a place for retaining them. No child in the Batavia system is a persona non grata; no child in the Batavia system is crowded to the wall, and through it into the street.

If you would get a test of the efficiency of a school system, count the boys in the upper stories. Boys succumb more easily than girls to unjust or flabby work in schools; boys have more inducements to leave schools than girls have; boys are more exposed than girls to influences that work against the school; boys are more likely to be withdrawn from school than girls are. We say that they are withdrawn to help keep the wolf from the family door. This is sometimes true. It is oftener true that they are withdrawn to keep them from becoming an actual burden on the family. The teeth of the supposititious wolf grow very dull when the boys are keenly interested in their school work and are making every moment tell for improvement. The string of withdrawal is not on the diligent boy; it is on the boy who is beginning to grow

limp. And parental wisdom never did itself more credit than in the withdrawal of such boys. The wolf bogle serves as the excuse, not as the cause. Nothing is more fully established than the fact that parents will make the last sacrifice to keep in school the boys who are doing well there. The rich can still withdraw their children from schools that are proving unprofitable, and place them where they will receive proper attention and care; the compulsory attendance laws force the children of the poor to remain where they may be getting spoiled. Is this even handed justice? . . .

But will not individual teaching train the children to lean and depend upon others? No, individual teaching will not do that; individual spoiling will do it. Many a man and many a child would like to have his intellectual work done by proxy. There are no such proxies in the Batavia school system; the individual teachers of Batavia train their subjects to self-confidence, self-reliance, and initiative. The trainer in any physical exercise stays near his pupil; that is reassuring; but he throws the pupil to the utmost limit upon his own exertions. The individual teacher is just such a wise and efficient trainer. It would be the extreme of cruelty to ask the untrained in the gymnasium to compete with the expert; it is equally cruel to ask the untrained child to compete at once with those who are expert in the work of schools. The real education of the children consists in their training; and training is largely an individual matter. It does not consist in assigning and hearing lessons. This is a way of evading the labor and duties of

teaching; this is a way of calling upon children to educate themselves. The injustice, the dishonesty, that are depopulating schools and breaking down education, consist in asking multitudes of unhappy children to educate themselves; of asking them to perform the impossible. There comes a time when the very discipline that the child needs is to be required to address himself to assigned work, and make his own independent preparation. And every trained child welcomes the requirement when it reaches him in due course. When he can face assigned work with confidence and zest, his education and career are assured. Individual teaching has its goal in self-activity; it is not a form of education; it is only an essential factor, which can not be omitted without wholesale disaster. If we would succeed we must recognize the conditions and laws of success; we will not then be driven to the humiliating expedient of finding plausible excuses for failure.

The Batavia system guards against any unwise or injudicious help by two restricting "don'ts": Don't tell the child anything, but see that he knows that thing; that is, lead on his mind; train his attention and train his mind to perceive and apprehend. Second, don't do anything for the child, but see that his work is done by himself; that is, train him to initiative; train him to find the subsequent steps in a process. This is to make strong and stalwart, not weak. There is no coddling in individual teaching; the severest of training is that which is given at close range.

CHICAGO FIRM GETS BIG FINE.

Allis-Chalmers Company Fined \$4,000 in U. S. Court for Violation of Alien Contract Labor Law.

The Allis-Chalmers company, manufacturers of mining machinery, were fined \$4,000 today by Judge Landis of the United States district court, following the return by the jury of a verdict of guilty of imparting four iron moulders from Manchester, England, in violation of the alien contract labor law. Counsel for the company took an appeal and will seek to have the verdict reversed by the United States circuit court of appeals.

The four English moulders testified they had been engaged in England to work in the Montreal branch of the Allis company and that on their arrival in Canada they were told that there was no work for them. The Montreal agent of the concern then arranged for the men to go to Milwaukee and work. When the men arrived in Chicago, according to their

testimony, they were met by agents of an employment association, of which the Chicago firm is a member, and were taken to the Chicago plant of the firm and offered employment. The four men later learned of a strike at the place and refused to work, appealing to the iron moulders' union in Chicago for assistance. This appeal resulted in an action brought by the government seeking a fine for importing labor in violation of the law.

The defense denied that negotiations for the coming of the men from Canada, asserting that they applied for work as individuals. The government showed that the president of the Canadian company was a director of the Chicago company and held the employing agency to which the men were referred to in Chicago was the agent of the Allis-Chalmers company.

CORRESPONDENCE

Local Union No. 6.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother, Walter A. Shedd.

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one, who in life, we held dear as a brother, and as a friend; and

WHEREAS, While we can never more grasp his hand and meet his pleasant smile in this life, we humbly submit to Him who has called our brother's spirit to the life beyond the grave; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we as a brotherly organization, pay tribute to his memory in these lines as a character worthy of confidence, honor and justice and that our Union has sustained a sad and severe loss.

Resolved, That as a Union, we most humbly bow submissively to an all wise God.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for a period of thirty days as a token of respect to our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Local, a copy be sent to the bereaved mother, also a copy furnished our official journal for publication, and also to organized labor.

P. G. BRIGARTS,
W. H. DOYLE,
D. H. HOLMES,

Local Union No. 9.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite goodness and wisdom, through His messenger, Death, to visit us and remove from our midst our highly esteemed and beloved brother, Edward Hatveldt; and

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one who, while in life, we held dear as a brother and friend; and while we can never more grasp his hand and meet his pleasant smile in this life, we therefore humbly submit to Him, who is the giver of all good gifts in this life, the spirit of our beloved brother; and, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a brotherly organization, pay tribute to his memory in these lines as a character worthy of our confidence, honor and justice, and inasmuch as our Union has sustained a severe loss; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter

for a period of thirty days as a token of respect to our departed brother; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a copy be presented to the widow, and a copy be inserted in the next issue of the official journal of this Brotherhood.

LOCAL No. 9, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. HOGAN,
S. NEFF,
D. WAYNE,
P. CLARK,
V. HANGAN,
Committee.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst the wife of our esteemed brother, H. L. O'Neil.

WHEREAS, We mourn with him, the loss of one whom in life he held dear as a wife and mother, and we humbly submit to Him, who has called her spirit beyond the grave, it is God's way, let His will be done; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Local, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved husband, and a copy be sent to our official journal for publication.

LOCAL No. 9, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. HOGAN,
S. NEFF,
D. WAYNE,
P. CLARK,
V. HANGAN,
Committee.

Local Union No. 25.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Well, as I did not get a letter in the WORKER last month, I will try to do better in the future.

Work in this town is not very brisk just at present, but all brothers are working.

We held an election of officers and I think we have got as good a lot in office as ever filled the offices in this Local as the brothers see that it is time to think at election and pick good ones. We have for President, W. J. Watt; vice president, O. T. Stewart; financial secretary, Guy Swinehardt; recording secretary, E. H. Venable; foreman, Dan Ross; inspectors, C. E. Evinger and W. Stewart; trustees, J. T. Stanner, John Hamback and Dan Ross and I nearly forgot our old time

treasurer, Wm. Grigsby, who has been treasurer so long that he can not be beaten by any one.

But I have sad news to impart. On the 19th of January, Bro. W. H. Smith gave his life while trying to save the life of another. He took 2300 to ground and was killed instantly. His remains were sent home to Adena, Ohio, Jefferson Co., in care of our worthy President, Bro. W. J. Watt.

D. V. BAKER,
Press Secretary.

The following resolutions were adopted by Local Union No. 25, on the death of Bro. W. H. Smith.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, through His earthly messenger inexorable death, to visit us and remove from our midst our esteemed brother, W. H. Smith; and,

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held during an electrical and social career by our deceased brother with members of this Union make it our solemn duty to express our esteem for his manly worth and deep sorrow at the loss, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a brother from our midst leaves a vacancy and shadow that will be deeply felt by all the members of the Union and his friends; that in deep sympathy with the afflicted relatives of our deceased brother we express an earnest hope that even so great a bereavement may be overruled for the greatest good, and we bow in humble submission to God's will; and, be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which our late brother was held by his fellow members, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Local and that a copy be sent to his bereaved family, and a copy be sent to our official journal for publication.

D. V. BAKER,
WM. GRIGSBY,
J. LOVERS,

Local Union No. 36.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

I drop you a few lines to say that we have passed through the shake safely and are doing well, notwithstanding a bad scare, but no damage was done here. We have a mixed local of over 300 members, working at nearly every branch of electricity from ground to wireless telegraph. The line men working for the Electric Light Company gets \$4, \$4.25 and \$4.50 per day; the line men working for the Sunset Telephone Co. receive \$3.50 per day, and those working for the Capital Telephone Co. receive \$4.00 per day.

All three companies have signed up agreements for one year.

We meet every Thursday evening at Pythian Castle, 9th and I streets at eight o'clock and we are getting in new members in good round numbers and keep Mr. Goat very busy every evening. We would like to have the next Pacific Council held here in Sacramento. Everything raised in prices since the earthquake of April 18th. We have had a hard winter; very heavy rains in the valleys and very deep snow on the mountains, which blocks transportation. It is very doubtful if this letter can cross two thousand miles in time for the March WORKER, as there are many snow drifts and many wash outs between California and Illinois.

Hoping this will be in time for the April WORKER, I remain,

Yours fraternally,
F. E. IRISH,
Press Secretary.

Sacramento, California.

Local Union No. 48.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Dear friends and brothers: Stick walkers and wire fixers:

I will now explode to you the fact that Local No. 48 of Shawnee, Oklahoma, has a press secretary.

We have a nice new hall now, which is located at 214 1-2 N. Broadway.

There is a candy factory in the same building, so if any of you happen to come this way just go north on Broadway until you smell candy and go up stairs and turn first door left.

We gave a smoker a few weeks ago, and it was a "howling" success, in fact some of the boys were "howling" too much to please some of the roomers in the building. We are making some new "cut ins" right along and when we get some of our "old joints" "soldered" and "taped" we will be running up to our ratedhorse power without blowing any fuses.

We appointed a committee to buy some chairs, and two of them were old second-hand chairs all wired up so they looked like where a farmer had tried to cut in a transposition in a barbed wire fence.

I think next time we will appoint a blindman to buy our chairs.

Work is a little slack here just now, but think will "pick up" in the spring. However most all the boys are working.

I know we are all wild and eat hay down here in the Territory, but any brother who comes our way we will divide our hay with him and give him a hearty welcome to our meetings. We meet every Friday night.

Now all this dope may sound grounded to you, but if you will excuse me this time, I will try and come in on the pole fair and do better next time.

Should Bro. Frank Shawhan, Dave Collier, Jack Ryan or R. E. Lundey see this please let me hear from you.

Yours fraternally,

T. O. DRUMMOND.

403 McKinley ave., Shauneo, Okla.

Local Union No. 52.

At our meeting of the 14th ult. we had the pleasure of the presence of our Grand President, F. J. McNulty.

We had a sociable evening with lunch and outside talent along with plenty of smoke.

It seems to me members of the I. B. E. W. and especially those members who live in N. Y. or its near vicinity owe our Grand President and Grand Officers congratulations on the amiable manner in which they obtain a settlement of that long standing trouble in N. Y. city.

We have been looking ahead for the past 30 months for a settlement of this trouble and now that it is at hand we ought to know how to appreciate it. I think all or at least all Locals where there are contractors associations should have their agreements made through our Grand Office either directly or indirectly and there would be less trouble from strikes and lockouts. I would suggest when a strike is then declared it be made national in regards to the associations or body of contractors whom the strike is declared against and they be not allowed any members until they are fair with all Locals.

Another issue confronting us is our trade jurisdiction. First there is the plumber. He claims our conduit because it is made of iron. Second, carpenters who claim moulding because its wood and cut with a saw. Third, the mason, who is trying to stop us from setting channels for our conduits in brick in fire proof buildings. We have given them a fight in this town whenever they were looking for one and shall do so in the future. Last but not least is the engineers. While I was a delegate to one of our central bodies we had a question before us in regards to engineers running electric machinery.

One of our newspapers was installing electric motors on all their printing machines and removing all engines, shafts, belts, etc., and whatever else was necessary for driving while using an engine and making the place entirely electric.

Of course this did away with an engineer and called for an electrician.

It seems in the engineers trade jurisdiction they claim all electrical work where it replaces steam. On these lines we had to fight. At one central body in this town a branch of the A. F. of L., it was decided against us, but by a short trial of the engineer by this publishing

house it was found he was inadequate and our man was installed.

While at our central body the delegate from hoisting engineers who was seated there claimed all hoisting done by motors, when informed it would necessitate an electrician to run some makes of hoists he stated "if they, the engineers, could not run them the manufacturers of the hoists would teach them how."

I bring this before our readers to show them the different we get trying to follow our trade and all I have to say on those lines is for us to fight for all we now claim and claim all we can in addition as fast as new devices for the use of electricity come to light. We are here to stay even though electric engines do go which some day they will.

If we stop some of the foolishness we have at our meetings and get down to business on business lines study places and causes where we need to put our energy we will be able to cope with the surroundings a great deal better.

WM. W. PARSON.

Newark, N. J.

Local Union No. 55.

Again I will ask for a little space in the WORKER. No. 55 is making every possible effort to keep from being swamped by our enemies and our out-look is encouraging. If we can get an organizer here for a week or two to aid us we will have as good a Local here as any town of its size in the country.

We have appealed to our fellow unionists herefor support which is being heartily given and as the brothers here are taking a most active interest in building up our union we do not intend to lay down until every man in Des Moines has a ticket.

Work here is still slack but the outlook is good. The only brother here not working is Big Bill and he won't go hungry even if we ain't got no pie ticket. Wishing all the brothers the success we hope to have, I am, as ever,

A. H. BOOTH.

Local Union No. 58.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As I was elected press secretary at our last meeting, I will try and let you know how we are getting along. You must think that No. 58 is dead or gone over the Falls, but we are still in the land of the living.

Well, brothers, No. 58 is going along pretty well, we are taking in members every meeting night, but it is so hard to get members to attend meetings. We had a smoker two weeks ago and had a good time, but still you would have to get a double loaf to draw some of them to meetings. Well brothers, all the members are well and working. The Bell Home and

Light had lots of work all winter and inside men has had lots of work and I think work will be booming this summer and there is lots of work over in Canada, our brothers across the border have started a new Local. Well as I have said enough I will close the switch and "thou shall have light."

With best wishes to all the brothers of the I. B. E. W.

THOMAS WALTERS.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Local Union No. 77.

WHEREAS, God, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in His Divine Wisdom having seen fit to remove from this world, Willie, the beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Cowan; and,

WHEREAS, We mourn with them in their very great loss; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of Bro. Cowan our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad hour of bereavement; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Bro. Cowan, a copy sent to our official journal for publication, and a copy spread on a separate page of our minute book.

H. D. MICHENER,
BEN B. SLATER,
L. O. ANDRES,
Committee.

Local Union No. 80.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

The Jamestown Exposition is rapidly nearing completion; and in a little over two months will open its gates to give to the public what will be the grandest naval sight ever witnessed. The fair is and has been fair to organized labor throughout and Local No. 80 has a very satisfactory working agreement out on the exposition grounds.

Norfolk is very bad both as regards to wages and conditions. There is no fixed scale of wages and no working agreement with the contractors.

We have at present about 190 members in the Local here and the exposition has in their employ 9 linemen and 24 inside men, and with those members they seem to be keeping up with the work very nicely.

The navy yard has some 15 or 20 employed and about the middle of February the force will be cut in all the trades.

Traveling cards are coming in very rapidly and it looks as if we will have a good deal more men than will ever be needed in the busiest time. There is 84 men idle at present and some men have been holding out for 6 or 8 weeks thinking that

trade would soon pick up, but the prospects does not look so good and in a few days I think there will be a general exodus, so brothers if you cannot afford to stand a good stiff board bill for about 4 weeks and money enough to carry you back you had better not come here.

GEO. W. KEINDALL.

Local Union No. 81.

I will write a few lines to say that No. 81 is moving along very nicely and about every body working. We had two of the Philadelphia boys with us for some time but they have left us and we miss them very much at our school board meetings. Our class in short to very good members (how about it Margey and Rodgers, the big Sweed is pining away for you.) We would like to see some of the General Officers come this way and give us a little of their talk as we want something to put life in our Local. We held a smoker after our meeting of the 7th inst. and had a very large turnout, but it did no good for our next meeting we had the same few that always are there. Come, brothers, attend your meetings. Don't let a few do your business and then make a kick how business is done in the Local. Some of our brothers have left for the land of the setting sun. Give them the glad hand. They are all true blue.

With good wishes for the brotherhood, I will ring off.

Yours fraternally,

W. H. JOHNSON.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother, William Luce.

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one who in life we held dear as a brother and as friend and while we can never more grasp his hand we humbly submit to Him who has called our brother's spirit to the life beyond the grave; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the sympathy of this organization be extended to the widow and family of our deceased brother, and that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be presented to his wife, and that they be spread upon the minutes of this Local, and a copy forwarded to our official journal for publication; and, be it further

Resolved, That as a Union we must humbly bow to an all-wise God who has broken our fraternal circuit.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for a period of sixty days as a token of respect to our departed brother.

HARRY MAY,
W. H. JOHNSON,
EDWARD SMITH,
C. L. ARMUSTER,
Committee.

Scranton, Pa.

Local Union No. 90.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother Hubert M. Arnold.

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one who while in life we held dear as a brother, and as friend, and while we can never more grasp his hand and meet his pleasant smile in this life, we humbly submit to Him who has called our brother's spirit to the life beyond the grave; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a brotherly organization, pay tribute to his memory in these lines, as a character worthy of confidence, honor and justice, and that our Union has sustained a sad and severe loss.

Resolved, That as a Union we most humbly bow submissively to an All-wise God.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for a period of thirty-days, as a token of respect to our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Local, a copy be sent to the bereaved widow, also a copy furnished our official journal for publication.

FRANK TANNER,
JEFF SHEPARD,
J. B. SALEM, Committee.

Local Union No. 93.

WHEREAS, God, in His divine mercy has been pleased to call from our midst our esteemed friend and brother, Thos. Pugh.

WHEREAS, Sorrow has thrown her sad mantle over his desolate home and friends; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, in regular convention assembled, do bow in humble obedience to the divine will, again offering up that ever commendable prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it be in heaven," and, be it further

Resolved, That we tender his bereaved parents and friends our heart-felt sympathy in this, their great affliction. We realize how cold and vain are the words of consolation to the bereaved and wounded heart, but if sincere sympathy and fraternal love can soothe the wounds we offer them from the depths of our hearts; and, be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for the period of one month as a token of our respect to our deceased brother, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Local, a copy be forwarded to the bereaved parents of our late brother, and a copy be published in our official journal, the WORKER.

JOHN C. HOLLAND,
C. D. LENTZ,
H. M. DEIDRICH,
Committee.

Local Union No. 96.

Local No. 96 is right there with the "goods" again this month.

I hope this letter will get in under the wire alright; I would have written before but I have been awfully busy (looking around).

Work here has not picked up any since our last letter, but that is to be expected as the winter season is always dull in Worcester.

The strike has not affected us any, as we have as many men working this winter as last. If anything, it has helped us, for this reason: We made a stand for a minimum wage scale, and we are getting it; while only about half the firms in town are fair, there is lots of work outside the city where the wages are right, and quite a few of the brothers have "hit the pike," and are perfectly satisfied.

They have not forgotten us either, as we either receive a call from them or a letter every couple of weeks.

Our last year's President, Bro. H. S. Goodwin was married a couple of weeks ago. All hands join in wishing he and Mrs. "Brother" Goodwin all the luck and joy in the world.

The same old firms are still against us, but we have fair prospects of settling up with one at least, before long.

Page Electric Co. (J. P. Coghlan, Mgr.), Plummer, Ham & Richardson (Frank Richardson, Mgr.), Delta Electric Co. (Ed. Ham, Mgr.), Geo. F. Brigham Co., Peter V. Latour Co. and the Worcester Electric Contract Co. (Roger T. Morris, Mgr.)

There they are brothers, the unfair firms and their real managers.

Now I am going to give you a list of the "scabs" in their employ. Be sure and print these names, Brother Editor, as this is part of our campaign.

The following are working for Page Electric Co.: Maloney, an ex-member of No. 103; Feeney, an ex-member of No. 7, formerly of No. 96, whose home is in Worcester; Hughes, Wells, Wing, Simmons, Day, Gamelin (a Worcester boy), and Walsh; these men so far as we know were never union men. Plummer, Ham, and Richardson are trying to get along with this outfit of "scab-lets." Burdett, Durgin, Holmes, Yeaton, Nutting and Newton. Here are two more that were members once, but dropped out long ago: Lincoln and Margerum.

The Worcester Electric Contract Co., will be going out of business soon if it does not get some men to take the places of the following: Nichols, Joslin, and Meacham.

Delta Electric Co., is struggling along with Scott Stevenson and Ote Ham.

P. V. Latour has a sixteen year old boy

named Ansel Rice working for him. He did have a machinist named Smiley, but his ladder slipped. The doctor says he will be alright in a few weeks. George F. Brigham seems to be going it alone. P. V. Latour's dunning partner, Harry L. Meacham, ex-brother, has broke up with him after five months in the double role of scab-partner.

Ex-brothers Arthur Wilson, Wm. McLaughlin, Percy L. Cole and George Ennis are "scabbing" it for Page Electric Co. We preferred charges against them at our last meeting and will act on them at our next. The same applies to H. L. Meacham. This is simply the names of the scabs, and in the next edition of the WORKER I will have full name, description, home town, and in a good many cases, photographs.

There are a few names I have not turned in because I think they are getting ready to leave town. We know them all, every one of them.

In our last letter in giving the list of officers, we forgot our treasurer, Bro. Chas. E. Green is the man.

I suppose your space is limited even if my time isn't, and while I feel that way about it, I think I had better "cut it."

Hoping you don't "chop" too much of this little "song," with best wishes to all the Brotherhood, I am,

Yours fraternally,

GEORGE H. MILLER.

P. S.—I thank Bro. McQuillain of No. 65, for prompt work in nailing that "rat" called Bean, when he landed in Butte. Worcester, Mass.

Local Union No. 102.

The members of Local No. 102, I. B. E. W., had a swell banquet at the Casino in Paterson, Thursday, February 7. This banquet was such a success that all the brothers far and wide should know of it.

The committee in charge was given power to invite Grand President, F. J. McNulty, Mr. E. J. O'Connor of the Grand Executive Board, District Organizer Mr. D. Ryon, Contractors of Electrical Work, Electric Inspector and Building Trades Council.

The Casino restaurant on Market street has been the scene of many banquets lately but not one has proved more enjoyable than that which occurred in the room on above date, when the first banquet of Local No. 102, I. B. E. W. took place. The Local has been in existence for seven years, but this was the first banquet. It was decided because of this success to make the affair an annual one.

Among the invited guests were the following Electrical Contractors: George Watson and Bruce Beveridge of the Watson & Flagg Eng. Co.; Mr. Thorpe of

Thorpe & Co.; Mr. Cross and M. Smith, of the O. J. Smith Co.; Mr. R. B. Anderson of R. B. Anderson & Co.; Electrical Inspector, Geo. Collison; John E. O'Connor of the Grand Executive Board and Mr. D. Ryon, District Organizer and the members of the Building Trades Council.

After the covers were removed, Frank H. Hopper, President of Local proposed toasts to which many of the more prominent members of the organization responded, several of the Contractors also spoke.

The officers of the Local are: President, Frank H. Hopper; vice president, Frank H. Holmes; recording secretary, Robert Siegler; financial secretary, Alva Bennett; treasurer, Wm. H. Cross.

The arrangement committee was composed of: Peter Muse, chairman; Robert Siegler, Chas. E. Tremaine, Frank Toreman, Frank Holmes and Alva Bennett.

Great credit is due the committee as everything was run off in A No. 1 style.

With best wishes, I beg to remain,

Yours fraternally,

W. A. B.

Local Union No. 133.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

To the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, we ask your moral assistance to aid us in our trouble here. On December 17, 1906, we asked for an increase of 25 cents a day and at the present time we have had very little success in securing our raise, but the way building conditions are at the present time, we think we will settle the main portion this coming week.

All we ask of the brothers is that they keep away from Detroit and give us a chance. Don't come here and keep out of our way for two or three weeks and then when someone finds you make that old excuse that you didn't know there was trouble here.

We are willing for anyone to come when our trouble is settled, until then, keep away.

Our newly elected officers are: President, L. Berg; vice president, F. Snyder; recording secretary, C. Lakin; financial secretary, J. Busby; treasurer, H. DeWitt. We have a good set of officers, but the brothers of this or any other local should remember that the officers are not the whole works and without the co-operation of the members nothing can be accomplished.

We should all remember that our obligation does not cease when we pay our dues, but we all should be a business agent or rather an organizer for our Local wherever we may be.

Yours fraternally,

P. E. PARMENTER,

NOTICE.

All inside wiremen keep away from Detroit, Mich.

Local Union No. 144.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

This being my first I would ask you to excuse mistakes.

No. 144 is still in Wichita and just as hard to beat as ever. We have taken in one or two new members from time to time and have one or two to take in now. There is not an abundance of work here on account of the strike, but all the boys are finding something to do and every one of them would stay out five years if necessary.

The scabs are stringing a little cable here and I must say they are having their troubles doing it.

I see from the strike reports that the boycott is being pushed to perfection all over Missouri and Kansas, but we have an injunction on us here and are not allowed to boycott but we are doing some good now and then.

Some of the boys will no doubt be surprised to hear that Bro. Harrell has got a claim in New Mexico and is going there to look after it.

And I say again they will be most pleasantly surprised to hear that Bro. Crippler is now superintendent of the Orient. I will say though, in his behalf that he receives the honors with becoming modesty. So boys, lets give three cheers for the superintendent as it is not often that one of us old timers gets such a job, on the first jump at any rate, as to become superintendent of such an enterprising little road as his is.

Well, boys, lets all see if we can't attend every meeting of our respective Locals for the next six months at least. Your Local needs you and you need your Local and how is either one going to prosper if you don't go hand in hand?

I say stand up to your obligation? Don't stay away till you get cold. Warm up and see if you can't find something to do to help your Local out.

Don't get it in your head because you have one or two good heads in your Local that it is no use for you to make a suggestion. Make it any way for no matter how smart a man is he can't think of everything and you might do lots of good by getting up and expressing your views once. Now let us try to be Johnnie on the spot for six months and then another.

Hoping this will get in in time for the February WORKER. I am,

Yours fraternally,

JACK SHEA,

Press Secretary.

Wichita, Kan.

Local Union No. 150.

As it has been some time since you had the perplexity of reading one of my

scrawls, I respectfully submit the following: No. 150 has not been up to candle power for some time, owing to high resistance in some of our (lamps) members, some of them need a new switch, but I think a club would be better when we try to cut out the (resistance) to our progress they run hot. Not much doing here in the way of new work, but most all members are working. We have with us at this writing, Bro. Myers, our new organizer from the Sixth District, and I think there will be something doing right away.

I have written Bro. McNulty for permission to open charter for 30 days and we are going to make a house to house canvass of members, ex-members and possible new members, and are going to arrange for open meetings and maybe feed 'em a little and jolly them some. You know Electrical Workers are such good fellows. It certainly is a fierce proposition to go against, but we'll get 'em or know the reason why. I never saw a body of men so indifferent to the betterment of conditions and also I never saw a town where conditions were easier secured; we hardly ever have a quorum present and those that do come are the same old bunch.

But, we are going after them with honeycomb and molasses and it shall go hard if we can't have a swarm of Electrical Bees or in other words Lightning Bugs. It would make you laugh if it wasn't so foolish to hear some of the excuses we get for members not turning out, some of them will come up to the hall all dressed up and when it comes time to open meeting they say, well, I have to go; important engagement, practicing at the bar. Well, that's enough knocking. They are all good fellows, if they would only come up and cough up.

I also send names of our new officers and place and time of meeting.

Hoping you won't have to get a hand-writing expert on this, with best wishes for success to all brothers, I am,

L. U. AUGER,

Local Union No. 155.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As the accepted time is at hand I had better get busy if I expect to get my name in the list.

There is nothing much going on here now in the way of work, but I think all the boys are still on the pay roll.

We are busy making arrangements now for our annual ball, which will take place February 22. Prospects are favorable for a good time and a financial success.

We have one item to report, that is the first of the kind to ever come from No. 155. G. W. Chaney, a one time member of this Local but now delinquent has been

reported on good authority to be scabbing at Emporia, Kan.

Wishing the brotherhood success, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

O. A. WALLER.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Local Union No. 162.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Again I am knocking at the door of the editorial room for admission into the WORKER for Local No. 162.

First of all I must tell you all about our ball on January 22d. The Arrangement Committee was Bros. Ed. Caldwell, President; O. W. Thompson, Vice President; A. W. Wright, Reading and Press Secretary; Jas. Martin, Business Agent, and W. H. Backus, Inspector of No. 162, and Bros. L. J. Carver, Denher C. Madison and P. Malmquist of No. 22. Everything was in ship shape. Bro. Martin had the illuminations in charge and with the assistance of several other brothers had that alight beyond criticism; it was superb. Each Local had it well advertised, so long before the crowd stopped coming both cloak rooms were filled to overflowing and the people had to care for their own wraps until a late hour when the ones who came first was leaving. The Reception Committee were, Bros. A. S. Wright, R. Donaldson and J. Martin, received the guests in order. Master of Ceremonies, Bros. Ed. Caldwell and W. C. Donaldson was the right men in the right place. The Floor Committee, Bros. O. W. Grayson, A. W. Wright, J. Anderson, W. H. Backus, M. Anderson, H. McCarthy and J. J. Gillin done the Locals as well as themselves credit. The Finance Committee, Bros. L. J. Carier O. W. Thompson was kept busy until late selling tickets and the Door Committee, Bros. Wm. Ruser, S. Wilson, T. J. Lloyd and Ed. Youngerim had their hands full taking tickets. Over three hundred dollars was taken in, the attendance was between one thousand and fifteen hundred, and if the newspapers and well posted people is authority it was the eclipse ball of the season and decidedly a grand success every way.

Our program was in the shape of an incandescent lamp, the front cover colored to show the wires inside and was arranged as follows:

Introduction—Grand March..All Welcome

- 1 WaltzGet Busy
- 2 Two StepI. B. E. W.
- 3 WaltzOur Grand President
- 4 Two StepParty Line
Extra Quadrille
- 5 WaltzFloaters Dream
- 6 Two Step8,000 Hot Stuff
- 7 WaltzHigh Voltage
- 8 Omaha GlideHome Guard

- 9 Two StepCut-In
- 10 WaltzOpen Circuit
- 11 Three Step36 to the Mile
- 12 WaltzOperator—No. Please
- 13 Two StepLong Distance
- 14 Chicago GlideRetired Linemen
- 15 Moonlight WaltzOvertime
- 16 Two StepCross Talk
- 17 WaltzAll Present
- 18 Two StepOur Locals 162 and 22
- 19 WaltzOur Members
- 20 Two StepAll Unions
- 21 Waltz, Home Sweet Home.....
.....Fuse Blower

Several extras was then indulged in. There was perfect order all through. The crowd left about 2 o'clock. Music was furnished by Heine's Orchestra.

An Independent Telephone Co., with a capital stock of five million dollars, has been incorporated to construct a telephone exchange here, they will commence work about the first of April, and we expect good times then for old 162.

The address of all officers of No. 162 is Box 492, Omaha, Neb.

With best wishes to all, I am,

Fraternally,

A. W. W.,

Press Secretary.

Omaha, Neb.

Local Union No. 177.

Last Monday night at the meeting one of our brothers remarked that it has been a very long time since No. 177 was represented in the columns of the WORKER, so I made a motion that a press secretary be appointed, and as a result your old bald-headed friend was nailed for the job, and I will do the best I can to interest my brother fellow workmen, especially those that have departed from this job, as it will be a pleasure to them to learn that on Saturday night we had a very successful and pleasant "smoker," every one declared they had the time of their life and our only regret was that there were so many good boys that had floated away from here and could not join us, but I take this means to let all the boys that have worked on this job know that at the "smoker" the boys rectified an error they committed some time ago when they forced a withdrawal card on Superintendent Chas. Chandler, by reinstating Brother Chandler where he belongs and also presented him with a token of good fellowship in the form of a very nice ring.

I feel that every brother that ever worked here under Charles (familiarily called Chum) Chandler regret that they were not with us to lend a hand and show their appreciation and to every brother that carries a card. I would like to say, just think it over what it would

mean to us all (the whole I. B. E. W.) if every city foreman, superintendent and foreman was built on the same lines as Bro. Chandler has proved he is built. You all know you will go the limit towards helping a man to hold his position that will give you a square deal and I am glad to say that the boys here have demonstrated to a man that they don't believe in waiting until a brother cash in his checks, then tell each other what a good fellow he was, buy a few flowers, then that's all, forget him. They believe in the motto, "if you love me show me when it will do me most good."

It is with great pleasure that I read in January WORKER the articles written by Bro. H. Myers, of St. Louis, relating to the W. U. job there and of Bro. Drollinger from Kansas City. Let the good work go on and if the Bell Company in Kansas City trims us (and I am laying big odds they do not) they will know that they have had the toughest scrap ever since there was a bell. Stick to it boys and show every one that is opposed to organized labor that the same sentiments that caused John Paul Jones to say when asked to surrender, "that he had not started to fight yet," flows in the veins of every one of us.

This job will be finished in a few days and we will be on the road again, but we leave behind us a good bunch of home guards to take care of No. 177, the treasury is in a healthy condition and there is every reason why No. 177 should prosper. This is the first offense for yours truly in this line and will be the last from this section at least, as I pull up anchor in a few days, destination at present unknown, but all I wish for is to drop in amongst as good a bunch as I dropped on here.

CHAS. D. WELSH.

Local Union No. 178.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As I have been elected Press Secretary of No. 178, I will try my hand. It has been a long time since you have had a letter from No. 178. We are getting along fairly well, all the brothers are working at present and prospects look bright for the summer. We have a good start at present and will try and get a few more members the coming year.

Anybody coming this way do not forget to bring along your card as we are always on the look out for weary stragglers that come our way. We want all we can get hold of, especially the ones that has no cards, as we can easily get them for the ones that sign the little piece of paper.

Fraternally yours,
GEO. B. EBERHARDT,
Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 200.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our beloved brother, Wm. Cuddihy.

Resolved, That we as a brotherly organization pay tribute to his undying memory in these lines, as a brother worthy of confidence, love and adoration and that our Union has sustained a severe loss.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for a period of 30 days as a token of respect to the memory of our departed brother and esteemed friend who met his death so untimely.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Local, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, also a copy be furnished our official journal for publication.

W. R. WRIGHT,
P. D. LENAHAN,
A. C. CAMPBELL,
Committee.

Local Union No. 207.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

It is with deep regret and sorrow that No. 207 announces the death of one of its oldest members. Bro. Edward M. Casey, after an illness of short duration on January, 1907; and

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, Bro. E. M. Casey, and realizing that in him we have lost a true and consistent friend and brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad hour of bereavement; and, be it further

Resolved, That a page be set aside in our minute book for the spreading of these resolutions, and our Local charter be draped for thirty days; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of our late brother, and a copy sent to our official organ for publication.

W. R. GREGORY,
W. A. MURPHY,
H. E. WALTZ,
Committee.

Stockton, Calif.

Local Union No. 210.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed brother, John Lake.

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one who while in life, we held dear as a brother and a friend, and while we can nevermore grasp his hand and meet his pleasant smile in this life, we humbly

submit to Him who has called our brother's spirit to the life beyond the grave; and,

WHEREAS, He had endeared himself particularly to the Electrical Workers of Atlantic City, who knew him by those qualities, and by his devotion to the cause of Unionism, a devotion that led him to his death, and a devotion that he proved loyal to his obligation, and manifested itself unmistakably whenever or wherever the interest of organized labor was concerned; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days as a token of respect to our departed brother; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Local, a copy sent to the bereaved family, also a copy sent to our official journal for publication.

L. E. BEYERS,
EDW. WHITE,
F. ADAMS,

Committee.

Atlantic City, N. J.

Local Union No. 246.

At the present writing there is plenty of work in this district, and prospects of much more.

Our greatest trouble is to get our members to meetings. Bro. Chas. Conn got a bad fall a few days ago. The snap on his safety broke and he fell about 30 feet alighting on his back, but escaped any serious injury. Bro. Conn's brother was killed some years ago by falling off a river crossing pole, a drop of 105 feet.

If Bro. A. F. Caverly should happen to see this, please write to the undersigned, as I have some information for him; also, Bro. F. E. Wagner,

E. D. RICHARDS.

Local Union No. 250.

Just a few words to let the brothers know that Local No. 250 is still on the map. We have had considerable changes since the last letter was published in the WORKER, but I am pleased to say that they have been in the right direction and our Local is building up in good shape.

During the last year our membership has built up almost double and the brothers attend meetings well, and one and all are working for the cause of unionism. The District Council has done a great deal toward bringing the Locals in closer touch with each other; matters coming up that require action by all the brothers, thus, through discussion on the floors of the Locals, making the members better acquainted with the doings and business of their organization. So far, the I. B. E. W. has "made good" in every-

thing they have gone after in this neck of the woods and the man doing electrical work of any kind, without having the card and monthly button is, I am glad to say, a scarce article. One word in regard to that monthly due button. It is the best thing that ever happened, if you don't believe me, just drop a line to Bro. R. E. Warren, our worthy financial secretary and I think he will agree with me.

We have started out the new term with a good set of officers, brothers who have the interest of the Local at heart and will attend to business.

With best wishes to all brothers, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

E. G. DERBIDGE.

Local Union No. 258.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

The Electrical business in Providence at this writing is very good, all linemen are employed and the different companies doing considerable work.

The Home Telephone Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., have petitioned the city council for a franchise to install their system in Providence. The Providence Telephone Company are making strenuous efforts to prevent the granting of such a franchise to their prospective competitor claiming that the field is not large enough for two companies to do business and that dual systems where established in other cities are a source of confusion and invariably work to the detriment of good service. The Home Company on the other hand claim that their system is more modern and up to date than that of the Providence plant and that the granting of a franchise to them will insure cheaper and more efficient service.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present agitation, it would seem from the viewpoint of the Electrical Worker, that competition must broaden the field of employment and would be in that case a consummation devoutly to be wished.

On the morning of the 7th inst, another victim was added to the long list of linemen who have met their death by electrocution in this vicinity. The unfortunate this time was Bro. Arthur Adams of Centredale, R. I. He was in the employ of the Rhode Island Street Railway Company and was detailed with a number of other linemen to do some repairs on a pole in the town of Barrington about 10 miles from this city. On the pole which was undergoing repairs were strung wires of both the Rhode Island Street Railway Company and Narragansett Electric Lighting Company. It had been arranged between the two companies that their power should be shut off those wires so as to eliminate all danger to the workmen. Brother Adams ascended the pole think-

ing that the wires on which he was to work were dead but he had no more than got himself in position and proceeded to work when he received the fatal shock.

The testimony of the superintendent of construction for the Narragansett Electric Lighting Company at the coroner's inquest was to the effect that because of his illness the arrangement that had been made between the two companies to shut off their power on the circuits in question had not been carried into effect and as a result the current over the wires of the Narragansett Electric Lighting Company was allowed to operate and was the direct cause of Bro. Adams death. The coroner inquired into the particulars thoroughly and upon the strength of the evidence given by the lighting company's superintendent of construction decided that he could return a finding at the Superior Court in Providence without further testimony.

A committee from No. 258 was in attendance at the inquest, but for the reasons given above they were not required to testify.

A delegation from our Local attended the funeral and we also sent a beautiful floral offering as a tribute of respect to our deceased brother.

We have recently added several promising recruits to the ranks of the Brotherhood, in fact every meeting night for some time past the goat has been so busy taking care of each tenderfoot that he has hardly had time to brush his whiskers. Quite a number of "tardy ones" have been making good of late and it is gratifying to see the smile that illumines the classical features of our financial secretary, Bro. Spellman as he rakes in the "long green" such a smile was never seen on his face since the day in Roger Williams Park he succeeded in gaining the right side of the fence beyond reach of the Buffalo horns.

Trusting that you will pardon me if I have intruded too much on your limited space, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

A. P. BARRY,

Press Secretary.

Providence, R. I.

Local Union No. 272.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Although I am a little late I will try and get a letter in the journalistic pages of the WORKER from Local Union No. 272. Since the appearance of my last two letters there has been quite a bit of feeling and enthusiasm appeared, and I feel now as if our silence had not been broken when it was that we would of been mentioned among the dead (or the downs and

outs) but that fortunately is far from being the case.

In fact No. 272 is in better condition now than for some time past. The members feel that they have long since past the experimental stage in regards to organized labor and have our shoulders to the wheel striving to obtain the rights that justly belong to us.

I am glad to see the membership of the Sixth District increasing the way it is and that they are realizing the necessity of organizing the combination of our efforts for better conditions when battled upon the principle of unionism is bound to lead us to victory.

Work with us at present is a little slack, however, all of our members are busy and the prespect for work in the near future is encouraging.

My letter in the January issue of the WORKER in which appeared the names of the men who were scabbing for the So. W. Tel. and Tel. Co., of this city, it seems has caused some very hard feelings towards us from them. One of them told me he thought I had done him a great injustice and that he thought I only had a grudge at them personally. While he did not say so he left the impression upon me that I had just taken the matter up personally and advertised them unauthorized by my Local Union, so for the benefit of those that think they have had an injustice done them will send you the following resolution adopted by Local Union No. 272, also the names of members of Local No. 272 endorsing same and instructing Press Secretary to have same printed in our official journal.

We, the members of Local Union No. 272 place the So. W. Tel. and Tel. Co. on the (We Don't Patronize List) in the city of Sherman.

G. W. TAYLOR,

Press Secretary.

Sherman, Texas.

Local Union No. 283.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Please publish a few lines for Local No. 283, for the purpose of informing the various members that this Local is moving along very nicely. I wish to state that conditions are pretty good throughout our jurisdiction at the present time and we look for a fairly prosperous year as we have just settled on a new wage scale with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and the Pacific States (Bell) Tel. and Tel. Co., with the Gas and Elec. Co. we have the following scale of wages: for linemen, \$4.00; foremen, \$4.50 per day, 8 hours.

With the Tele. Co., we have the following scale of wages: linemen, \$3.50; foremen, \$4.00 per day, 8 hours. This scale

applies to cities and towns. Country or toll line work, linemen receive \$3.50 without board or \$2.50 with board; foremen receive \$4.00 per day and expenses. This scale applies to all parts where the company does work in the jurisdiction of our District Council and that includes the following states: Washington, California, Oregon and Nevada, so you can readily perceive that it takes in quite a large territory.

Now brothers, those conditions were secured through the able work and assistance of the Officers of our District Council and our Grand Vice President and now I wish to say to the various Locals of the I. B. E. W., if you wish to make progress in the way of bettering your conditions, get in line by affiliating with your District Council and then have the District Council Officers do your committee work with you by affiliating with your District Council, you will then have the strength of all the Locals in that District and should you get a set of District Council Officers like we have in this District, you will get all that is coming to you—if it can be gotten.

One thing more brothers, if any of you contemplate coming to this coast, I wish to state that living expenses are higher here than in other places, for here in Oakland it costs \$30.00 per month for board and room, and as to house rent it is almost impossible to get a house or house-keeping rooms. I simply state these facts to let the brothers know what to expect if they should come here. We have no stone wall around any of our jobs and any brother with the green card on him will be welcomed by us.

H. MERWIN.

Local Union No. 301.

We had a brother here by the name of Eugene McCarty. He claimed to be a cablesplicer but did nothing here but line work, he left here owing a lady a nine dollar and fifty cent board bill. I wish you would kindly put this in the WORKER, and oblige.

ROY TAYLOR.

Local Union No. 316.

Just a few lines to let you know that No. 316 is still in the ring. We are taking new members in most every meeting night which sounds good. Work has held up here this winter fairly well. We have elected and installed the following officers for this term. Bros. G. W. Leatham, president; L. M. Barnes, vice president; Chas. Allen, recording secretary; G. W. Snivley, financial secretary; R. M. Clark, treasurer; Robert Sutton, first inspector; B. K. Kelly, second inspector; S. Burch, foreman and W. R. Jackson, trustee.

Our District Council convention meets in Salt Lake City next month and we expect to get a better scale of wages and hours through our worthy delegate, Bro. Barnes. This is about all, so I will switch off, with best wishes.

CHAS. ALLEN.

Local Union No. 318.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As Local No. 318 has not had a letter in the WORKER in such a long time, I will try to break the news to the brothers all over the country, so they will not be "dumbfounded" when they here from Old 318.

Although the membership is small, we are still holding "fort," and will continue to do so for a good while.

The list of the officers are as follows: President, R. W. Worsham; vice president, G. W. Reeves; financial secretary, E. S. Nelson; recording and press secretary, J. E. Shoemaker; trustees, Pat Henry, G. W. Reeves, Joe Munding.

Work in Knoxville now is on the quiet, has been good up to the present time. Prospects of work are good commencing in May.

Yours fraternally,

J. E. SHOEMAKER,

P. O. Box 518.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 30, 1907.

Local Union No. 339.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As 339 has never had a letter in the WORKER, I was appointed Press Secretary and here goes for the first one.

We have had a pretty fair year and expect a better one this time.

We have a little trouble on just now with the Municipal Plants, Lt. and Tel., but as we have the press strong in our favor we will likely win out, especially so because of the shape the lines are in, on account of the storms we had all winter. The City Commissioners let the old superintendent go when he wanted more money and put a dub who had a pull, but don't know a light wire from a telephone cable, on in his place. The boys all thought that if they had to do the work and at the same time had to run a little electric school, they must have more coin so they asked for 50c raise and when they didn't get it they went out. All the papers in the city are roasting the Commissioners hard and they will go harder when things get all mixed up as they are sure to in a short time. There is not a man on the job and not likely to be. There is only two or three

non's in the two towns, and we expect to land them soon and so have a solid front in every shop.

Fraternally yours,

A. L. MURPHY,

Press Secretary.

Fort William, Ont.

Local Union No. 407.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Resolution adopted by Local No. 407, of Marquette, Mich., on the death of one of its members:

Brother Aaron Magnusson passed away January 22, 1907, at 8:30 a. m., after a lingering illness.

The brother has been a charter member of this Local and has shown himself a true worker for the same, well liked by his fellow workmen and all who knew him.

WHEREAS, God, in His divine wisdom, has been pleased to call from our midst, our esteemed friend and brother, Aaron Magnusson.

WHEREAS, In his untimely death, his family suffered the loss of a loving husband and father and this Local one of its most earnest and respected members.

Resolved, That we, the members of Local No. 407, I. B. E. W., deeply mourn the loss of a true brother, a loyal friend and companion; therefore, be it further

Resolved, That our Charter be draped for thirty days and a copy of this resolution be spread on our minutes, a copy be sent to his family and a copy be sent to our official journal for publication.

OSCAR H. SIEWERT,
JAMES BULLOCK,
ANDY HEISER,

Committee.

Local Union No. 418.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

No. 418 is up and doing. Though some few moons have passed since we have been represented in the WORKER, we have not been idle or asleep. The result is apparent. No. 418 is in a better condition today than ever in her history; but we are not satisfied yet. We still have some harvesting to do yet and we won't be satisfied "Till the harvest days are Over."

The following officers were elected the first of the year: President, Bro. Scobey; vice president, Bro. Bolliard; secretary-treasurer, John White; recording secretary, P. G. White; foreman, Bro. Dennison; trustees, Bros. Pierce, Dennison and Bolliard; inspectors, Bros. Masters and Smith.

Immediately after his installation as President, Bro. Scobey took hold of the reins of his office in a way that bids fair to do credit to the work of his predecessor in office, Bro. Munger.

The Semi-Monthly payments by Sunset Co. met our hearty approval and we are all eagerly awaiting February 1st, the effective date of the contemplated raise by this Company. Just what the other companies here will do in view of this raise is one of our most perplexing questions.

The question of a longer and more commodious meeting hall was up at last meeting but no action taken relative to the matter.

The Shine laid off a small gang the other day and as a result Bros. Crinch and Goldberg were out yesterday looking for a "yob."

All of the members are cordially invited to attend a smoker to be given by No. 61 of Los Angeles, Thursday evening, January 31st. Some of the boys will respond.

We are expecting a visit from Bro. Kennedy, organizer, shortly. We have some material here needing his attention.

Much work has been here and in vicinity the past few months. All the companies have been working big gangs, and Shine has been maintaining several estimate bunches. As a result work has been plentiful.

Bro. J. A. Pierce has recently taken unto himself a life partner. The Lappy pair reside in Los Angeles, but the brother continues to hold down his job here. They have our best wishes.

Bro. Pierce's retirement from our list of eligibles leaves brothers Judd and Kane at the top of the list. Its a lively race between the two; they are both working overtime and something is going to drop pretty soon.

Fraternally,

J. C. C.

Local Union No. 435.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Just a line from No. 435, Winnipeg, to let the brothers know we are still in existence, and keeping as busy as possible considering the time of year. Hardly a meeting passes, without our enrolling a member or so, although just now things are rather quiet around here. The Bell Co. having laid off a number of men recently. However, we expect things to liven up again in the spring, yet I would not advise any of the brothers to come this way just now as there is not likely to be much doing until about May. I may say that our boys are always ready to welcome any bona fide member who may come this way, and the broth-

ers may be sure of being treated white at No. 435.

At our recent election of officers the following brothers were chosen: President, J. Atkins; vice president, A. Gorbey; financial secretary, T. Woodman; recording secretary J. McBride; treasurer, J. J. Walker. A very good crew, well able to steer this branch of the good ship Unionism through the storms and stress of the coming year.

Well I will not take up more of your valuable space this time so will conclude by hoping that 1907 will bring great progress and prosperity to each and every member of the I. B. E. W.

Yours fraternally,

A. A. MILES,
Press Secretary.

Local Union No. 473.

We would like to say in behalf of No. 473, that our Local, as it is small, should be represented in the columns of this journal and as for our field for work as an organizing body we are there. We are located in the suburbs of Oakland and receive all the men that have not been educated up to the point where they can realize any immediate benefit from the I. B. E. W. so we make it our specialty and mission to bring them around.

The City Light are rebuilding the town under the supervision of a competent and popular foreman, known in the west and middle states as Sport McAllester.

The Locals officers for the year are as follows: President, R. W. Jenkins, address Pt. Richmond, Calif.; Financial and Recording Secretary, W. E. Roth, address Box 188, Pt. Richmond, Calif.

As we feel that the editor will do well to pick out interesting facts enough from this scrawl to fill the heading of No. 473, we will drop it for this time.

W. E. ROTH.

P. S.—Through an error we omitted the name and address of our worthy vice president, A. A. Higgins, of Pt. Richmond, Calif.

Local Union No. 474.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

This is the first attempt at trying to get in anything from No. 474, which is a Local a year old and with a membership of about forty boys in good standing, and as usual a few in arrears.

I can't see to save my soul, why it is that the boys will get behind and at the same time blow their money, have steady

work, and good health, and kick like the devil about the way things are run.

I consider a bunch like that, bad material, and we can't do business without material.

I know of one or two in particular that never attended meetings regular and whenever we levy an assessment, they kick on the outside, but not in the Local, the proper place. Such boys as that are either ignorant or bum stuff, or both.

Well, I don't want to start with a rag chewing, so I had better shift to something else.

We are certainly seeing a good fight put up by the employees of the Cumberland Tel. and Tel. Co., who are on strike.

The operators who walked out about three weeks ago, followed by the members of Local No. 192, namely, cablemen, linemen, instrument men, trouble shooters, and foremen, all want more money and shorter hours.

It is to be and has been a tight old fight, but the strikers are backed both financially and morally by business men, individuals, lodges, clubs, Unions, and in fact everybody but Leland Hume and about a half dozen scabs held by Hume.

The charter for the operators who organized shortly after they went on strike was donated by Locals 192 and 474.

The strike increased the membership of 192 about 50 new members.

At our last election the following officers were elected: President, Geo. A. Hulbert (re-elected), P. O. Box No. 5; vice president, C. A. Webber, care Electric Novelty Co., Monroe ave; financial secretary and treasurer, Chas. L. Hamilton, 208 Adams ave.; recording secretary, R. L. Taylor, 203 S. Fourth street; foreman and press secretary, Wm. H. Smith, Jr., Station G; inspectors, A. H. Meiers, 220 Madison ave., A. J. Hild; trustee, J. H. Short, 1205 S. Wellington st.

We will have to have a new president now as Bro. Hulbert has been elected district organizer.

We feel that he is the man for the place and hope to fill his vacancy with another as good.

I have been at the business something better than two years, and have been in the Unions about two years and he was president of 192 when I joined and we then withdrew from that Local and organized 474 of which he was made president and during my whole time as a Union man I have never heard a complaint against him.

Our best wishes go with him in his new undertaking and may he progress along that line.

I had better quit as I have used a bunch of paper but still have nothing in it. Fraternally yours,

WM. HAMET SMITH, JR.,
Alias BILL DHAMET.

P. S.—D. S. Litton succeeded Hulbert as president who was elected grand organizer. Litton's address is 163 Court ave.

these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Local and a copy be sent to the heart stricken relatives of our deceased brother and a copy be sent to our official journal for publication.

J. W. KNOX.

Local Union No. 481.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

Just a few lines to let you all know that we are progressing and our membership is increasing, as we initiated four new members last month. The attendance at meetings is also on the increase as we are following the order of business very closely and do not let out one of the

Local Union No. 479.

Resolutions adopted by No. 479, on the death of Bro. C. O. Heeter:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother, C. O. Heeter.

WHEREAS, We mourn the loss of one whom while in life we held dear as a



BOYS OF LOCAL NO. 477, OF BERNARDINO, CAL. HOME TEL. & TEL. CO.

brother and friend and while we can never more grasp his hand and see his pleasant smiles in life and we humbly submit to Him who has called one brother's spirit beyond the grave; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by all the members of Local Union No. 479; and, be it further

Resolved, That we as a Union of brotherly love pay tribute to his memory by expressing our sorrow at his loss and extend to his relative our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement; and, be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days and a copy of

important points namely, discussion of practical electrical subjects. I think this is a very good part to discuss and I notice since we have adopted it there are members attend now who never came up before. For the benefit of the members of the Brotherhood, and namely, the traveling members, I will name the officers and their addresses of this Local, No. 481, as the Grand Office fails to send out the directory of Local Unions any more. If I wanted to write to some Local Union I would not know where to send to, as I have not saw a directory in the WORKER for over three months. The officers of No. 481 are: President, Fred Foreman, 2604 Sherman ave.; vice president, R. N. Harvey, 406 W. New York; recording secretary, C. K. Campbell, E. 25th st.; finan-

cial secretary, Wm. E. Thompson, 1344 Laurel st.

Well, as I cannot think of anything else I will close with best wishes for the Brotherhood, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

CHAS. T. STAKE.

159 Bright st.,

Press Secretary.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Local Union No. 485.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

As you have not heard from us lately it is about time we let the brothers know we are still doing business. Bro. Miller of Local No. 96 has been acting as our business agent for the past few weeks, and has succeeded in getting several new members, but there are still a few men who seem kind of afraid to join, perhaps because they think their job is not safe if they do, and if we had our way it would not be unless they did come in with us.

The Telephone Co. created quite a sensation a few days ago by laying off between fifteen and twenty men, most of them members of our Local, which has been the cause of some of the brothers leaving us, but most of them are waiting for a few days expecting to go back to work, as they were told the lay-off was only for a short time. Some of our old members do not seem to attend very well, always seem to be busy on meeting nights but we still manage to have a good sized meeting and those of us who do attend mean business. Some of the men seem to think that as soon as they join the Local they are going to get a raise in wages, and when they do not they start to drop out. This will be about all from us this time and thanking you in advance I remain,

Fraternally yours,

H. C. S.

Worcester, Mass.

Local Union No. 496.

Business in our district is very good at present, the brothers are all working at present. The interest in our regular meetings is not what it had ought to be. Our attendance is small in comparison with the number on the roll.

Our Local Union gave a smoker January 11th, which was very well attended and every body present reported a good time, with lots of good cigars and refreshments, with cards and other social games until an early and all went home feeling satisfied with being present.

JOHN M. DELO,

Recording Secretary.

Oil City, Pa.

Local Union No. 497.

Will try and get a few words in from this Local. Business is coming up a little. Hope our membership will come up too. The great trouble with Local Unions is a few members are left to do all the work of the Local, that is the way with No. 497, and only a young Local. If every one would put his shoulder to the wheel and keep pushing, it would be interesting.

If the brothers that do not come to the meetings is spoken to about it they say, oh, if I pay my dues that is enough for me. If every one thought that we would have no meeting at all. Wish some one would suggest something to get these brothers to attend the meetings.

Hope Philadelphia has won their victory by this time. Will stop for this time.

W. WATSON.

Local Union No. 501.

EDITOR ELECTRICAL WORKER:

I would like to inform you that Bro. C. E. Carpenter has been suspended from Local No. 501, of Yonkers, N. Y., for violating Article XXX, Sections 2 and 3. \$50 fine has been imposed upon him. Would you kindly publish same in the WORKER. His card number is 146670.

WM. H. MCCREADY.

Local Union No. 527.

The time is at hand for the busy press secretary to scribble just a few lines to all the boys.

Our amperage is not running as high this month as did last month, not that any of us have been rewound only our machines are not over loaded enough to heat, as we were before.

There is nothing doing in this part of the sunny south just now, and don't think there will be any time soon, as there is no work of any note contemplated by any of the Companies to the best of my knowledge.

The climate of south Texas just suits the wardrobe of an unemployed lineman.

We have had an election of officers which are as follows: F. W. Peters, president; M. D. Bryant, vice president; Eddie McRoberts, financial secretary; Geo. A. Munroe, recording secretary; Geo. A. Collier, treasurer; W. T. Burns, first inspector; Doc. Beal, foreman.

Why is there so few press secretaries heard from this month? Was there none elected or is it that they are most all sick.

At this writing we have several brothers who are not working at their

trade (or hazardous vocations) but hope to be by the time the roses bloom again.

We hold our meeting the second and fourth Friday in each month at 315 23d street.

M. D. BRYANT.

Local Union No. 528.

As Local Union No. 528 has not had a letter in the WORKER since its existence and having been elected press secretary, I will try and let some of the other brothers know something about us.

After having made several unsuccessful attempts to organize on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, we finally made a "go" of it and feel proud to say every one of the boys is now carrying a card.

Although very young we have had a sad experience, in losing one of our loyal brothers, Bert Gibson.

Bro. Gibson died after a very brief illness, January 25th.

Bro. Gibson was always a willing worker in the Union and it was with his help that we finally got our organization going.

We are trying to get an agreement with the Company but so far have been unsuccessful

although we are still living in hopes.

ELMER E. HISCOX.

We thought perhaps the boys would like to hear from the Electric City as it has some importance in the Electrical business.

The big plant of the General Electric Co., is working to its full capacity, employing over fifteen thousand men.

The increase in building in the city, also keeps the linemen busy, at least, we have not heard of any one that was out of a job.

There has been no labor trouble here since December, when the I. W. W. lost its fight with the G. E. Co.

In the last election of officers of the D. C. of Schenectady, Tom Cleary (who no doubt is known to some of the delegates that attended the last convention at Louisville) was chosen president. Now Tom has been growing a beautiful crop of whiskers, to protect his face from the icy winds that blow down from the Canadas. Secretary Benway, that indefatigable worker has been carefully raising a moustache, but he now has a feeling of envy as he realizes how insignificant that moustache looks in comparison with Tom's whiskers.

Yours fraternally,

A. J. CROUSE.

Washington, D. C.—As the result of long conference between officials and committees representing the various classes of employes of the Southern Railway, all conductors, trainmen and yardmen will receive an increase in pay, varying from 6 to 25 per cent., dependent upon conditions. The increase will cost the railroad from \$350,000 to \$400,000 a year.

In answer to an advertisement for somebody to take charge of a church choir and play the organ the following reply was received: "Sir: I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my service."—Exchange.

The Man's Chance.—"I am sensible of the honor you do for me, Mr. Mitchell, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young lady, with a slight curl of the lip, "but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to decline the honor."

"What are those circumstances?" demanded the young man.

"Your circumstances, Mr. Mitchell."—Smiles.

Kept His Promise.—Young Wife—"When we took this flat you promised to enlarge it for us."

Landlord—"Well, madam, I did. Didn't I scrape the wall paper off and put on paint instead?"—Boston Transcript.

Truthful Jane.—"She says she didn't break a single dish while she worked for you."

"She didn't; she broke an entire dinner set."—Houston Post.

Proof at Hand.—Green (at the reception)—"That is Miss Hammerton at the piano. Her playing has created quite a good deal of comment at home and abroad."

Brown—"Yes, I noticed that as soon as she began playing all the women in the room began talking."—Chicago Daily News.

A Good Excuse.—A West Side school teacher received the other day this note at the hands of a small boy:

"Dere Miss pleze excuse son Willie scratching hisself as he has just put on his winter flannels."—Exchange.

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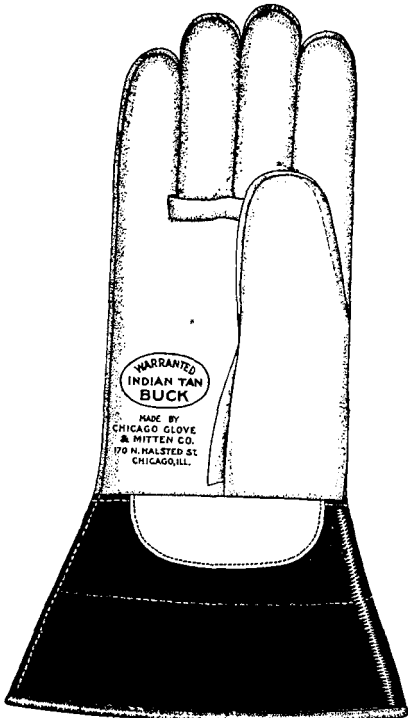
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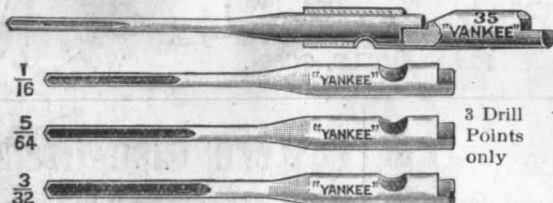
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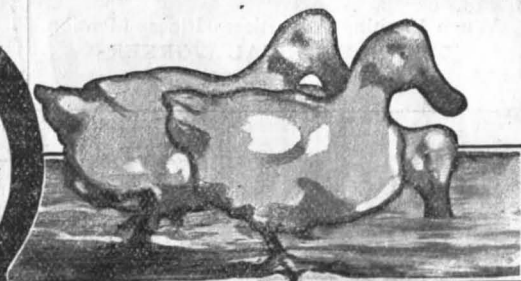
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